Vol. CXXXIX. No. 1810.

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THE BYSTANDER August 24, 1938.

# The BYSTANDER

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**GERMANY**—*Continued*

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# The Bystander

*Angus McBean*

## Hilda Vaughan and Charles Morgan—Playwrights

Hilda Vaughan's play, with Laurier Lister, *She Too Was Young*, is a week old at Wyndham's. Her husband's first dramatic creation, *The Flashing Stream*, starts in a fortnight. The Welsh novelist has chosen Wales in 1876 as setting for her mother-daughter-stepdaughter theme, well acted in beautiful dresses (bustles and flounces) by Marie Ney, Dorothy Hyson, and Ann Todd. *The Times* dramatic critic and novelist has drawn on his experiences in the Navy for his play, which has Margaret Rawlings and Godfrey Tearle in the leading parts

# "Please Forward"

## To Cornwall, Bembridge and Scotland

*Cornwall : Miss Nancy Harmood-Banner Led a Shark Hunt—*

*—And the Shark, One Against Seven, was Defeated*

*Miss Nancy Harmood-Banner, in an Austrian coat and peasant headkerchief, led a shark-hunting party in St. Austell's Bay, Cornwall, which successfully harpooned and landed something no bather would like to meet alive. Justifiably gloating over the evil-looking monster above are Mr. Leslie Horne, Miss Heywood, the fisherman, the boatman, the Hon. Brinsley le Poer Trench, the leader of the party, with her coat off, and her brother, George Harmood-Banner*

*Bembridge : Mrs. Archie Black and Mrs. Douglas Bailey*

*Bembridge Boatmen : Miss Pardoe and Miss Sotheron-Estcourt*

*Bembridge tolerates the rest of the Isle of Wight, welcomes suitable visitors from over-Solent, exists by and for sailing. Its recent regatta collected an astonishing number of pretty girls like Listy Pardoe and Diana Sotheron-Estcourt (above), and Cynthia Turner (right). Also attractive young-marrieds and children. The Hon. Mrs. Davies and the Hon. Mrs. Barran (left) are the Ruthven twins. Their sons are Rivvy Barran and Nap Davies ; the third young man, hand over right eye, is a friend*

*Mrs. Peter Davies, Mrs. John Barran and Their Sons*

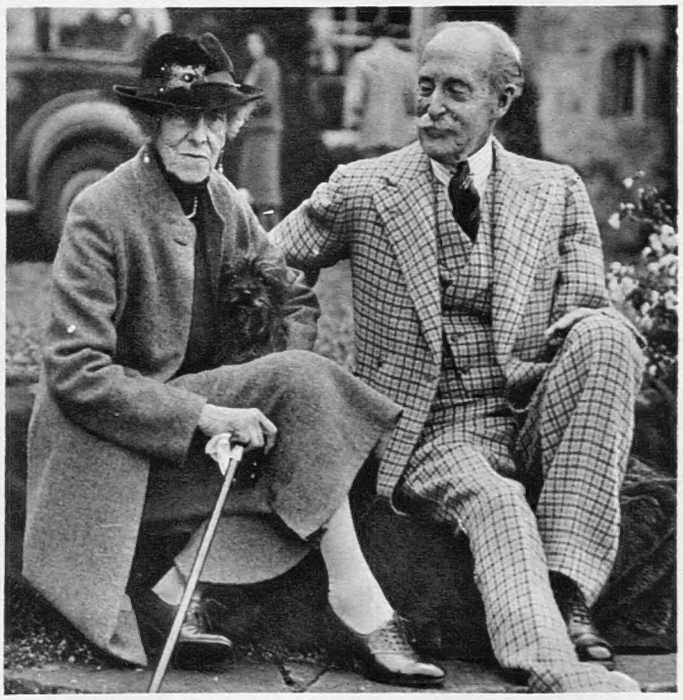
*Alternative to Grouse-Driving*

*Lord Perth, His Son-in-Law and Daughter*

*Above on the left are Lady Priscilla Willoughby and Mr. G. M. Murray, who went over to play golf on the Gleneagles Hotel course from Drummond Castle, her father's Perthshire place. Lord Perth and Count and Countess Mannassei (above, right) had been shooting the day before with Sir Archibald Lyle at Riemore*

*Bembridge Snapshot*

*Mr. Arthur Gelardi took a photograph of his fiancée, Miss Jasmine Holt, with a background of Bembridge harbour, while the local regatta was going on*

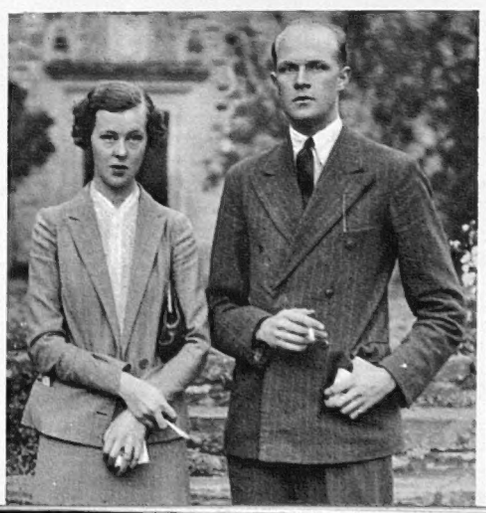


*Right: Sir Ian and Lady Hamilton have started their Scottish holiday by staying at Lennoxlove in East Lothian. Lady Hamilton is a Scot, sister of Sir Kay Muir*

*Lady Hamilton and General Sir Ian Hamilton*

*Miss Turner and Mrs. Morris Keating*

*Below: Miss Hersey Ellen Baird and Mr. Thomas Ballantine Dykes announced their engagement three weeks ago. He is in the Scots Guards, son of Colonel and Mrs. Hubert Ballantine Dykes. She is the youngest daughter of the late William Baird, of Lennoxlove, and Lady Hersey Baird. Her sister Margaret is also engaged*



*Below are another Scottish engaged couple—Mr. David Douglas, son of Mrs. Douglas, of Hazelbank House, Eskbank, and Miss Marjorie Stevenson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allan Stevenson, of Luffness Mains, Aberlady, East Lothian. They were walking over the North Berwick links*

## *Brother and Sister Get Packed and Ready for Their European Hop-Round*

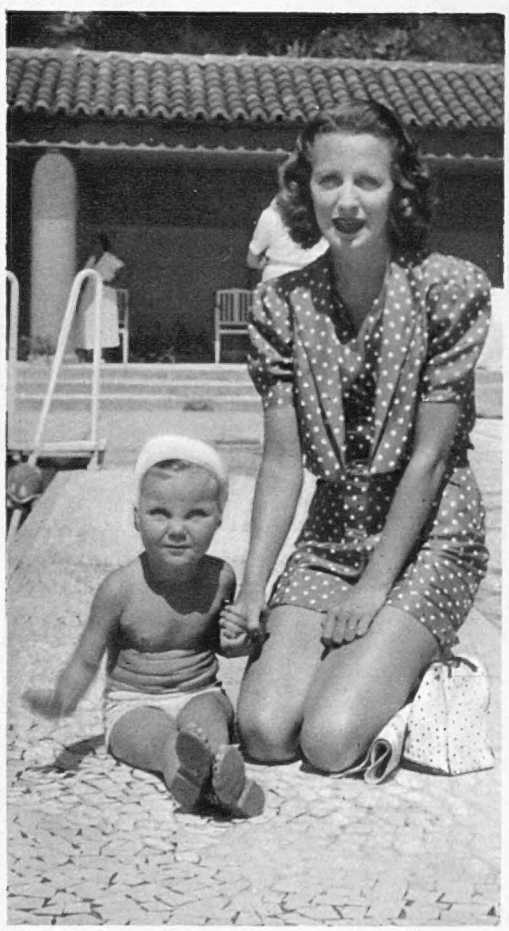
*Mr. Jack Profumo and Miss Maima Profumo, son and daughter of Baron Profumo, K.C., left England last week for their holiday air-tour of Europe. They are flying in Mr. Profumo's fine new monoplane*

*Deauville*

*Cap d'Antibes Cushions*

## *Cap Martin Balcony*

*One of the less photographed Riviera headlands is Cap Martin, where Mr. Peter Doulton, a member of the famous china firm, and Miss Primrose Cole were photographed*

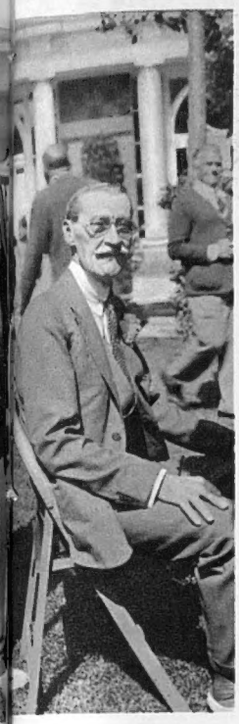


## *Monte Carlo Beach*

*Mme. Joseph Goukassow takes her chubby daughter Karen down to the beach early, before the crowd sets in. Mme. Goukassow is Welsh-born, was Lena Lloyd before she married her Russian husband*

## *Debutante at Le Touquet*

*In the Le Touquet chairs are Miss Carolinda Waters (above), 1938 debutante daughter of Lady (Frederick) Butterfield; and Mrs. Alexander Barclay (right), whose husband (Queen's Bays) runs a polo team called Edmundsbury*



*Racing*

*Sir Humphrey de Trafford and Col. the Hon. Wilfred Egerton were in the Deauville paddock, where regulars have private tables for the month-long summer meeting*

*Le Touquet Bicycling*

*Captain and Mrs. C. P. D. Legard got themselves a pair of bicycles for running around Le Touquet: it is the fashionable thing. He is a soldier, and probably in mourning for the horses of his newly-mechanised regiment, the Inniskillings*

*Deauville Beachcombing*

*Mr. F. H. Hodgkinson and Mr. and Mrs. Randa Balding lie on the beach between riding polo ponies on the sands in the mornings and playing and watching polo in the afternoons. Mrs. Balding is well known with the Pytchley, and as a point-to-point rider*

*The sprigs of nobility below, on the Monte Carlo beach, are Lord Courtown's niece and Lord Nunburnholme's brother. David Wilson motored to the Riviera and stayed at Cannes before he moved on to the Monte Carlo Beach Hotel*

*Miss Anne Stopford, the Hon. D. Wilson*

# "Please Forward"

## To Deauville, Le Touquet and the South of France

*Below are the Duke and Duchess of Windsor coming ashore at Antibes from the Gulzar on the last day of their charter after their Mediterranean cruise*

*Deauville Deck-chair*

*Mme. Martinez de Hoz is a recognised beauty and good dresser, who looks it even in a plain swim-suit, and with sun-oil as her only make-up. On the Antibes cushions (left) is Miss Ardyne Orr-Lewis, whose father, Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis, has a new villa called Zero*

# The Passing Hour

## Comments and Asides

## By A. G. Macdonell

THE German manœuvres are now in full swing, and there are more armed men tramping about Europe at this moment than at any time since 1918. The German Press is not saying much about them, but it is impossible to dislocate the ordinary life of an entire nation without attracting at least a little attention, and the German nation knows pretty well what is going on. This is particularly obvious from the scramble for hard cash on the Berlin Stock Exchange. For quite a long time the Berlin finance market has been so controlled by the authorities that passing panics and enthusiasms have not been common. But now even the drastic control has failed to check the extreme nervousness of German finance, and prices are falling heavily.

SEPTEMBER 15TH has been substituted for August 15th as the danger day by general rumour. The reason for the choice of August 15th was, of course, that it was Germany's mobilisation day. September 15th seems to be the day on which new classes of reservists will be called up for the manœuvres, and other already mobilised classes will be dismissed. Thus, during this one twenty-four hours, the whole lot will be with the colours.

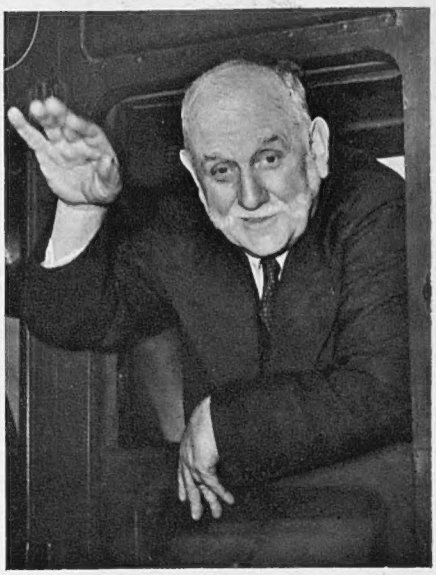
HERR HENLEIN has rejected the Czech proposals for a settlement of the Sudeten demands, and Herr Kundt, another Sudeten leader, has delivered an inflammable speech on the reasons for the rejection. Travellers returning from the frontier-districts report that the tension is now so terrific that the slightest incident might provoke the conflagration.

WHILE Europe rocks under the swing of armed men, the ex-President of the Board of Trade sits in Prague, and one-half of public opinion in this country seems to believe that his presence has some weird superhuman influence, mysterious, inexplicable and infallible. The other half wonders what on earth he is doing there at all.

THE international tension in Europe has been reflected not only in the Berlin Stock Exchange. Both the pound and the franc have been heavily attacked, and the demand for gold has been certainly a record in recent times. But in spite of these symptoms, the French in particular have kept their heads with great coolness. Not even the violent activity of the Germans in the Rhineland has caused anything approaching a panic in Paris. Certainly Monsieur Bonnet has deserved well of Europe by his quiet and cool influence.

A CURIOUS journalistic duel is going on between the *News-Chronicle* and the *Express*. The *News-Chronicle* takes the line that conditions in Europe are far more serious than Downing Street authorities are allowing it to appear, while the *Express* loudly proclaims that there is no danger of war in Central Europe. It is a very odd contest, because outside the professional journalists and professional politicians, there can be very few people who read both these papers, and the vast majority of readers of both of them cannot have the faintest idea what the other one is talking about. They are two boxers fighting in an empty Albert Hall.

MR. CORDELL HULL has broadcast an address on foreign policy, the importance of which lies more in the moment chosen to deliver it rather than what he actually said. While Europe is trembling, any statement in America on the side of peace and the democracies and the maintenance of treaties is all to the good, from a moral point of view. From the point of view of actual results, it is difficult to see what general uplift aspirations can do against mobilised arm



*Lansbury's Peace Tour Continues*

*The Rt. Hon. Member for Bow and Bromley resumed his pilgrimage for peace last week, leaving Victoria for Budapest, Sofia, Belgrade, Bucharest, and so on. He hopes to interview Kings Carol and Boris. Eight years ago Parliament regarded George Lansbury as its most reasonable and most Christian member; now, holding the same beliefs, he is "humoured" as a vague dreamer*

IN Spain, the most spectacular fighting is still on the Ebro, where General Franco is trying hard to wipe out the sudden gains of the Government forces a month ago. Both sides are claiming important victories in the modern style of war-communiqués. Actually it is

*The Deputy Chief Scout Tries a Bridge*

*While Hitler's troopers were throwing pontoons across Mitteleuropean rivers for their tanks, Scoutmasters in camp at Gilwell Park, Essex, made a much more primitive bridge of sticks and string. Lord Somers, deputy to Lord Baden-Powell, the Chief Scout, tried this bridge and no one could say he looks too confident. Pictures of Lady Somers in camp with Girl Guides were published last week*

*A Franco*

*Generals Vuillemin and Mil Services mix even when the Chief of the French Air St cracked a joke at the beginni guest of the latter's chief, Fie included a half-hour talk wi Goering's home, Schorfhei Embassy and a look at t*

probable that the Ebro fighting will turn out to be less important than the Franco advance towards Almaden. The Government is bringing up reinforcements as quickly as possible, but, in the meanwhile, the Rebels are having the best of it.

REUTER'S correspondent in Saragossa reports that General Franco's "black list" of people he dislikes on the Republican side contains more than a million names. Reuter's man adds, almost offhandedly, "the 'black list' is constantly in use. Prisoners are sometimes found to be on it. When towns and villages are captured, it is used for clearing up elements likely to be disloyal to the new regime." The expression "clearing up elements" is rather sinister.

AS if affairs were not sufficiently critical in a dozen parts of the world, French and Italian relations have suddenly taken a turn for the worse. The Paris Press, never the most tactful of newspapers, has been publishing amusing but extremely offensive anti-Italian posters, and Signor Gayda, in the *Giornale d'Italia*, is never the man to hang back when counter-attacks are required. Unfortunately, the interchanges are not confined to words only, and the Italians have suddenly put an embargo upon their citizens who wish to travel in France. The French have at once taken similar measures to discourage French tourists to Italy, and so, for no apparent reason, a stupid and dangerous quarrel has been started. As somebody has pointed out, mankind simultaneously creates great ships like the Queen Mary and wonderful passenger aeroplane routes, and makes it almost impossible for anyone to use them.

EVERY day we read casually in the papers about the terrorism in Palestine. But it gives one a bit of a shock to read that in the single month of July the total of killed and wounded was six hundred and seventy-eight. One of the reasons for this horrible outbreak has been the presence in the country of the Partition Commission. The terrorists have been anxious to show the Commissioners that the British policy of partition is quite hopeless. And in this anxiety the terrorists have been receiving encouragement. For it is an unpleasant point about the July outrages that the bombs and land-mines used in Haifa and Jerusalem have been often of foreign workmanship.

MR. HORE-BELISHA pursues his active way. At one moment he is retiring elderly generals, and at another he is inspecting Territorials, and at a third he is at his desk working out new schemes for the betterment of Army conditions. He has already recovered almost all the ground which his reputation lost for the moment during the beginning of the Sandys affair, and his popularity with the army is higher than ever. At the same time, Sir Kingsley Wood is announcing a new £1,000,000 aircraft factory in Manchester, on which work will be begun in a week or so. The Admiralty yacht, with the First Lord of the Admiralty on board, has reached Finnish waters.

I AM afraid I cannot explain to you the meaning of Lord Rayleigh's address to the British Association at Cambridge, because I could not understand it. One simple point, however, seemed to come out of it. Photography could never have been invented had it not been for gelatine from the bones of a cow. Thus the entire cinema industry has sprung from the most brainless of all animals. This is a very strange coincidence.

IT is a great pity that Finland has been jockeyed into agreeing to a full programme in the 1940 Olympic Games at Helsingfors. It was hoped at first that the transfer of the Games from totalitarian Tokyo to democratic Helsingfors might also mean an alteration in the character of the Games. They have been allowed to become a top-heavy jamboree mostly concerned with political propaganda. It was known that the Finns would welcome a change back to simplicity, but the international committe has firmly insisted on a continuance of top-heaviness.

THE National Gallery has bought a Rembrandt from the Duke of Buccleuch at a price that has not been published. Surely the nation, which has quite enough Rembrandts already, ought to spend its money on the works of modern painters. There are quite enough portraits of Saskia about the place already, without adding another one.

WHETHER or not ladies should play golf in trousers is another problem which is rending the country. I confess I think it is a matter which each lady-golfer ought to be allowed to decide for herself. It is not for male golfers, surely, to say that Miss Minoprio is welcome to play in trousers because she looks extremely elegant in trousers, but Miss Blank is not welcome because she does not. The one suggestion, however, which I do most strongly deprecate, is the suggestion, made in all good faith, of a certain daily paper that what is wanted in the matter is a general show-down.

*Teuton Joke*

*demonstrate here how well the countries are antipathetic. The and the German Air Secretary of the former's six-day stay as Marshal Goering. The visit the Leader, junketing at routine receptions at the French air factories and manœuvres*

*Dr. Marie Stopes at Cambridge*

*Dr. Marie Stopes and her fourteen-year-old son, Harry Stopes Rowe, are at Cambridge for the British Association meeting. Fewer people know Dr. Stopes as a scientific specialist on coal-mines and fossils than as a pioneer writer on birth-control*

*Dr. Moulton and Mr. Wells Make Scientific News*

*Dr. F. R. Moulton, of Washington, and Mr. H. G. Wells, have both given the British Association topics of general conversation. A plan for the scientific study of international relations is mainly due to the influence of the American Association, of which Dr. Moulton is secretary. Mr. Wells made education headline news by his B. A. speech last year; when the resultant report was presented last week Mr. Wells continued his caustic controversial comments on school curriculums*

*Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.*

# Benjamin Britten and Lennox Berkeley

These two young men are modern musicians. Dressed like undergraduates or smarter journalists, owners of a converted mill near Saxmundham and separate flats in town, keen tennis players, ready to write any music when commissioned, there is little of the traditional composer about them. Twenty-four-year-old Britten particularly is kept hard at work on music for screen, stage, and wireless, and he can turn it out efficiently and swiftly. He is influenced hardly at all by the weight of musical tradition; thus his style is easier to recognise than to comprehend. Born in East Anglia, he won a scholarship to the R.A. of M., studied under John Ireland and Frank Bridge, and had his first work performed at the Proms when he was nineteen. Since then he has been regularly represented by the I.C.M. and at this year's festival his Variations on a Theme of Bridge were played: this he will conduct at Queen's Hall on September 7th. He played solo there last Thursday in the first performance of his major work to date, a pianoforte concerto. He also plays the viola. Lennox Berkeley is an older man by ten years. He seriously began to study music at twenty-three in Paris after leaving Oxford. He is the author of a string quartet, a violin sonata and an Oratorio, "Jonah," which was performed last year at the Leeds Festival. He too was represented at this year's I.C.M. festival, writes much incidental music and has a ballet to his credit, *The Judgment of Paris*. He is somewhat under Stravinsky's influence. Britten is a great friend of W. H. Auden, Berkeley is a great friend of Somerset Maugham, but the four do not make a quartet

# More Celebrities in Cameo

## No. 85

## Flora Robson

WHEN a small girl at a South Shields kindergarten recited "And the goblins will get you if you don't look out," from *Little Orphant Annie*, few members of the audience could have guessed how far she would go on the stage. None could possibly have prophesied what a circuitous road lay ahead of her. Flora Robson's father was a seafaring man of Scottish extraction who worked out his artistic impulses on his seven children. One was made to play the violin, another to sing, a third to play the piano, and so on. One of them was made to study dramatics: which was Flora. Having gone to the R.A.D.A. and won the Bronze Medal in 1921, she appeared as the ghost of Queen Margaret in *Will Shakespeare*, and from that moment onwards she seemed destined, whenever she appeared on the stage, to play in a serious show. Apparently that was what she was brought up to like, for her father used to take her to see *Faust*, *Drake*, *Kismet*, and similar presentations. Not once was she ever taken to a pantomime. So, like a sensible girl, she next went into repertory, playing a number of Shakespearean roles in Ben Greet's company. From there she graduated to modern repertory at Oxford in J. B. Fagan's company. Even the undergraduates did not guy her, and soon we find her in *Fata Morgana* at the Ambassadors Theatre, with Tommy Douglas and Jean de Casalis. But after that her stage career came to a full stop. She could get no parts suitable for her, and she became a welfare worker in the Shredded Wheat factory at Welwyn Garden City! Here she stayed four years, ultimately earning £6 a week, with the promise of a pension at the age of fifty-five. Which was exactly what she needed though she did not realise it at the time—I mean the interval at the factory. Until then she had had no experience of life. As a factory worker she saw it nice and raw, like a doctor. Then one fine day she was offered a part for £3 a week for seven weeks in a repertory company at Cambridge. She accepted instantaneously, finding her leading man to be Robert Donat (then getting £7 a week), and that the first play was *Six Characters in Search of an Author*.

"I felt like a cork popping out of a bottle, I had so much to express," she will tell you. "I did better work there than I have ever done since, and I became quite a religious institution with the undergraduates, particularly the more brawny, games-playing lot."

BUT the apparent turning-point in her life was when she appeared in *The Anatomist* at the Westminster Theatre, and was hailed as a new star. That was in 1931. Since then she has gone from success to success on the stage, nearly always playing big parts in big plays. To-day she is one of the few really great emotional actresses in the world; lives just behind Keats Grove at Hampstead, a few yards away from where the *Ode to a Nightingale* was written; likes to go about wearing trousers in boats; prefers the Scilly Isles, which she says is the hottest place in Great Britain, to anywhere else; has an inherited wanderlust and affection for sailors; is hopelessly uninterested in clothes; is not very observant about faces, but is a first-class mimic of animals and certain leading actresses; has never got over first-night nerves, feeling that she is going to the electric-chair on her way to her first entrance; doesn't wish to play farce; never cries in real life, just goes white and gulps; thinks that actresses who are temperamental in private life are using up emotion which they ought to reserve for the stage; would like to do more films, especially as she won a big Popularity Contest following her performance as Queen Elizabeth in *Fire Over England*; says that you should be feeling really happy in private life if you are going to play a really unhappy part on the stage; finds it difficult not to giggle immediately after the fall of the final curtain; prefers acting opposite Robert Donat rather than opposite anyone else whom she has acted with in the past; would like very much to play opposite Conrad Veidt; reads a good deal; and has an extraordinary likeness to Amy Johnson.

Charles Graves

# Standing By . . .

## One Thing and Another

## By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

BROADWAY may laugh. Gilbert and Sullivan fans are aware that every time Ko Ko, singing his famous verse about politicians comes to the line, "They never would be missed," he is permitted by the Rubrics to give an arch little *Punchy* gesture conveying that he means the British Prime Minister of the moment; a daring stroke of satire at which the faithful are directed by the Rubrics to laugh, long and loud, which duty they invariably perform. But for the American version of the forthcoming *Mikado* film, it is announced from Pinewood, actors made up as Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Roosevelt, Signor Mussolini and Herr Hitler will actually figure in the song—"a brief visual joke," explained one of the film boys last week, in case anybody didn't understand. (The Board of Film Censors won't allow it in the British version, naturally.) This tasty bit of news would make a stuffed Pekingese laugh, let alone a native of Broadway.

Incidentally, we often wonder how many Gilbert and Sullivan addicts have ever read any of Gilbert's libretti as cold prose? We happened to pick up *Iolanthe* the other day, and read it through, marvelling mildly at the kind of stuff the fans consider amusing. It's a caddish thing to say, we admit, but we're pariahs, anyway. Isolated in our little cell or lazar-hutch in the BYSTANDER building, at the extreme end of a disinfected corridor, with a kind of hatch in the door through which people push long sterilised tongs for our contribution, making gestures of resignation and disgust, we often wish we were more decent.

***Scrub***

LATEST news from the National Liberal Club, where we had a romp with some of the boys recently, is that the deacons seem to be succeeding with that bust of Peel which some evil-minded playboy improved with lipstick some time ago. The bright red lips of the statesman gave him an elegant, slightly raffish air, which was not unattractive, and not without its effect on aged members on their way to the Library to hunt for the current issue of *La Vie Parisienne* and a *New Statesman* to slip behind it. Some of them, a spy reports, even broke into a kind of jig and snapped their aged fingers, thinking they were in Paris. However, the N.L.C. deacons and their meinie have been doggedly at work with scrubbing-brush and chemicals, de-lipsticking Sir Robert Peel, who now faces the world with his lips firmly sealed with strips of paper, like a more recent Prime Minister. The obvious symbolism of this is very pleasing.

We don't enter the big Liberal Joybox and Palace of Dainty Devices as often as we did. The member who used to take us in most frequently is a troll who nowadays has periods of frenzied reaction against Liberal society, during which he retires to his bosky lair and curls up, contemplating the world with eyes aglow with bewilderment and menace. We deplore this because we love Liberals, and it interests us to see them walking upright.

*"Daddy, this is Mr. Schafer—he's a most marvellous conjurer"*

***Come, Come Dept.***

FOR remarking casually in his parish magazine that the citizens of Wednesbury (Staffs) are illiterate and devoted to wife-beating, a local clergyman has been furiously denounced to his bishop by the town council, which shows how difficult it is to please all the people all the time (as Honest Abe Lincoln remarked when he fell on a Rotary convention). The same row broke out a few weeks ago when somebody said that a certain outlying London suburb was lousy with snobbery and scandalmongering. In each case, we conjecture, the chap who began the fuss was hurt, dismayed and surprised, expecting the delighted populace to rally round with rich gifts, and we share that surprise. The Wednesbury row would never happen in Mayfair, where illiteracy and wife-beating are just as common, no doubt. Chaps don't exactly boast about it—barring perhaps illiteracy, of which many chaps of birth and education are modestly proud—but, on the other hand, they certainly wouldn't try to get a clergyman unfrocked for giving them the bird for it in their parish magazine.

The odd thing to us is that if the Wednesbury clergyman had simply said that the citizens are living examples of the grand old strain of Drake and Hawkins they'd have been pleased as dammit.

***Look-See***

UNLESS we forget it, we propose before long, investigating a small country house in the South of England in which a cool, nonchalant friend of

*"I take it the idea is to get them between the sticks"*

ours had a curious experience in broad daylight recently. It 's an attractive old place, full of ancient oak beams and well off the track in a few acres of its own. It has been empty for some time, and is to let; and by "empty" we mean that there 's nothing in it but spiders' webs. Thinking of taking it, our friend, with a companion, was examining the ground-floor rooms one sunny afternoon, when deliberate footsteps were heard upstairs. Going upstairs, they found nothing, except that a peculiar atmosphere seemed slightly heavier. Nothing was in any of the rooms they entered first. At the end of the passage was another room, with the door ajar. Our friend went ahead, pushed it open, glanced inside, and stood petrified. It was quite bare except that at one end was a kind of altar with two candlesticks, over which a man was bending with his back to her. He was not vested as a priest, but wore ordinary modern lay clothes. He did not turn, move, or take any notice whatsoever. Our friend doesn't know how long she stood staring at him—it may have been ten seconds or ten minutes. Her normally strong nerves then gave way and she fled the place. Whether the man was flesh-and-blood or not she can't say, but she thinks possibly not, owing to the disturbing "feel" in the air—something of the same electric, depressing atmosphere those two celebrated Oxford ladies experienced at Versailles some years ago when they saw Marie-Antoinette (which story, incidentally, a supercilious person recently demolished in print, to his own satisfaction, but not to ours).

So here we have either an A. J. Alan bedtime story, if the gentleman in the room is alive, or else a nice little daylight ghost-encounter. Not being such fools as not to believe that ghosts may happen—only a certain type of brute scientist rejects evidence which doesn't suit his book—we propose taking a look-see ourselves within the next few weeks. If anything happens to us we 'd like the Editor of the BYSTANDER to have our collection of pressed flowers.

***Find***

LOVERS of aged Turks, made happy by the Near Eastern researches of the cleanly and indefatigable Reuter who has discovered one 125-year-old Turk per week regularly for as long as some of us can remember, took it on the chin the other day when somebody announced in *The Times* that he knew of a native of Bechuanaland aged 140. An official of the Centenarian Club in the Cromwell Road at once expressed jealous scepticism, alleging that the known maximum lifespan of man to date is only 113. (We guess he isn't a member of the Athenæum, or he couldn't make such an absurd under-statement.) Nobody so far seems to have grasped the significance of *The Times* announcement, which is, a chap in the know tells us, that it 's the preliminary move towards filling the long-vacant post of Britain's Grand Old Man. The aged man of Bechuanaland, whose photograph was published, may be dirty, bow-legged, and all over grease. The fact remains that he is a British subject at least twenty years older than the oldest Turk so far unearthed by Reuter, and the obvious candidate for a post last filled by Mr. Gladstone. A little scrubbing and grooming and beard-culture is all that 's necessary to make old Mr. Senan (such is his name) the nation's idol.

So back to the delphiniums for Mr. Godfrey Winn, who was being carefully "nursed" for the job by a committee of selfless patriots working not for their own happiness but Posterity's.

***Misconception***

LECTURING to some summer school or other, an Oxford don spoke sniffily of the "over-conscientiousness" of women undergraduates, who patiently fill vast note-books with verbatim lecture-notes and serve them up again to the examiner with anxious care. He said this was a great drawback to the fair sex, and he was wrong. There 's a well-known passage in Rabelais where the physician Rondibilis, counselling Panurge on his marriage, points out that strict and tireless devotion to study is one of the acknowledged preservatives of chastity. "Ainsi sont les Muses vierges; ainsi demeurent les Charites en pudicité eternelle." A modern American poet, Ogden Nash, has established the same truth, stating that the girl who is bespectacled never gets her nectacled, and in an age of almost Byzantine licence we think this an admirable thing and a glory to the sex, nor do we ever catch a glimpse of some stern, pale, abstracted, slightly dishevelled flower of Newnham or Girton without crying shame on all the butterflies, floozies and moppets, flybynights and lights-o'-love, giglets and wantons, odalisques and houris, who waste that time in dalliance and destruction which they could be devoting to the Binomial Theorem.

But in cooler moments we often wonder which type does the more damage, for the bluestocking often goes in later for teaching the world its business, a fatal lure and may even get into Parliament.

D B. Wyndham Lewis

*"If only you knew what I've suffered"*

# The Theatre

## By Herbert Farjeon

***"Last Train South" (St. Martin's)***

ALTHOUGH plays, like history, are liable to repeat themselves, the Russian Revolution certainly makes a change from the French. M. le Marquis and Mme. la Duchesse, taking their snuff with a swagger as they go to the guillotine, are old friends of whom managers may now well be wary; but General Zadolski and the Countess Rostova, immured by "Reds" in a railway stationmaster's office, instead of that erstwhile cell with straw, seem something less musty in the upper lip they preserve than their predecessors. We are grateful for renovations, even though each time there is a roar of steam and metal outside we may feel that it is only the ghost of the Ghost Train after all. In Mr. Hutchinson's play at the St. Martin's the aristocrats of 1920 still play cards in the face of death and a great deal of noise. This is, perhaps, the noisiest play of the year, for, in addition to the trains, Mr. John Abbott, one of the finest speakers on our stage, is required to spend his breath screaming revenge for the flogging that drove his brother-in-law out of his mind, what time that brother-in-law, performed by Mr. Peter Murray Hill, with weals, is subject to the most shattering brainstorms. Thus there is much sound and fury, signifying excitement—which, rather than psychology, is the objective of the entertainment.

WAS General Zadolski, alias Mr. C. M. Hallard, responsible for the flogging of the brother-in-law? Does he deserve the razor with which Mr. Abbott ultimately lacks the courage to cut his throat, but which Miss Flora Robson, taking over responsibility like Lady Macbeth, flourishes in mid-air? Will the aristocrats catch the last train south or won't they? Through much strong talk of stomach wounds and blasted arms and still-born babies, through stand-up fights between Miss Robson and Miss Greta Gynt, we approach the climax—a Christian climax, for the victim of the flogging himself stays Miss Robson's hand when it is about to slay the general. We must, he yells, observe our Saviour's instruction to forgive our enemies. So the last train steams into the station. So the aristocrats hurry aboard. And so, personal grievances being disposed of, the town of Pavlograd can give itself up to more important political differences.

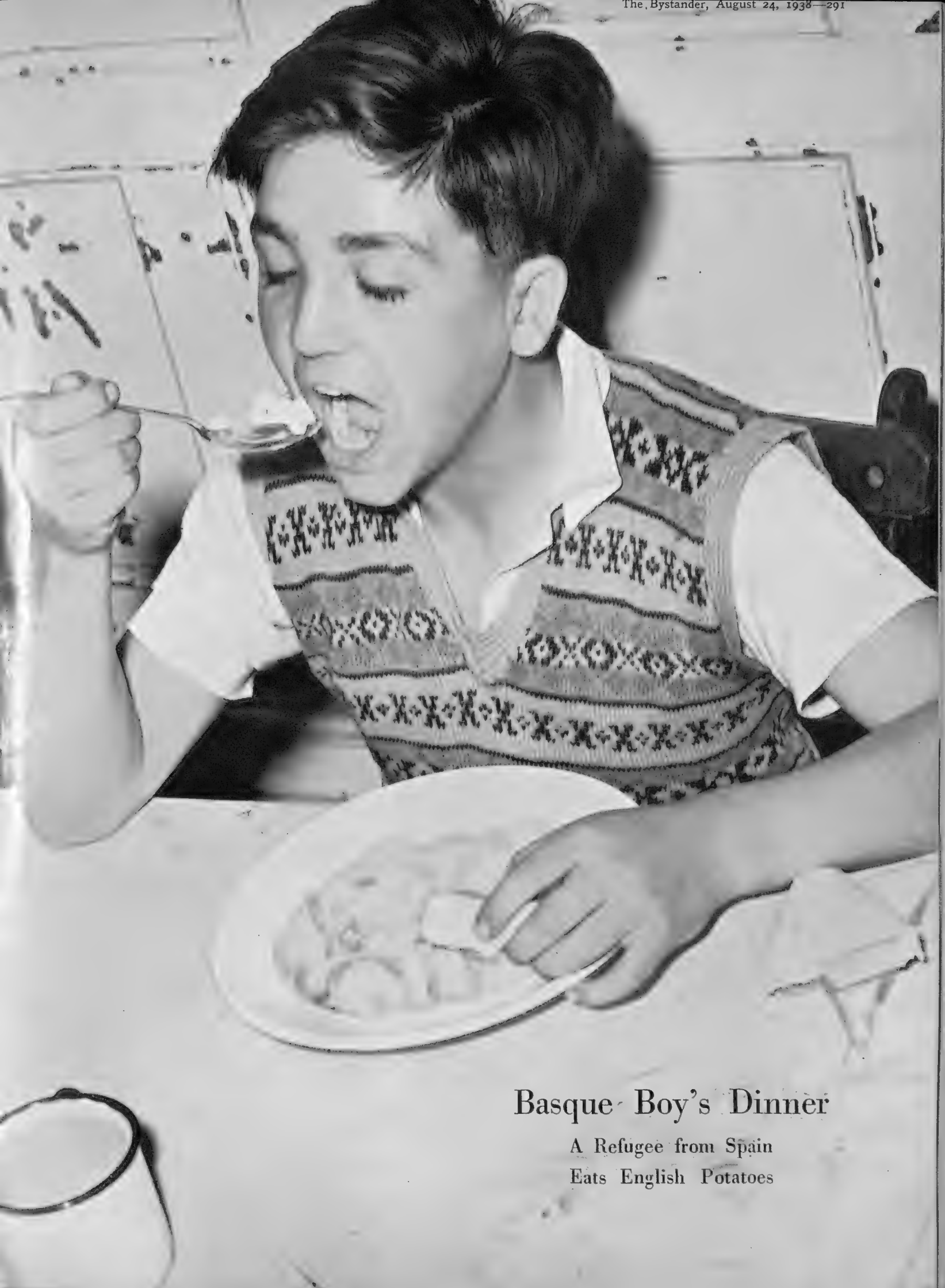
WHAT we learn from *Last Train South* is that noise and pace, in which it abounds, are not necessarily thrilling. Nor, one gathers, are Russians necessarily interesting. Miss Robson, as tense as ever, has one moving passage when she tells of the baby that died inside her, but the part as a whole gives her little scope. That it was not written with Miss Robson in mind is clear from the fact that someone addresses her as "You little fool." Mr. Aubrey Dexter, as an unfrocked priest, and Miss May Agate, as the general's sister, are excellent in subsidiary parts. Best of all is Mr. Morland Graham's stationmaster, who would have proved irritating in the hands of almost any other actor. Not a good play, but more up to date than the old Fred Terry stuff, with which it may, I think, not unjustly be compared.

*White Russians: May Agate and C. M. Hallard*

*Putting the stationmaster in his place: Morland Graham and John Abbott*

*Sketches by Rouson*

*Class warfare: Anya (Flora Robson), Olga (Greta Gynt), Father Gaskin (Aubrey Dexter)*



# Basque Boy's Dinner

A Refugee from Spain
Eats English Potatoes

***Hygiene*** *is the next most important thing after food. Haircuts are efficient, if amateur, and a small boy fits well into an old-fashioned bath*

***Housework*** *is done by the girls under supervision. It is useful training, helps to keep them busy, gives them self-respect*

***Going to school*** *is the same all the world over. The small boys march class-wards in time, but not in step*

***The Three R's*** *are taught by Spanish, Basque and English teachers. Some of the children speak English quite well by now*

***Physical Training*** *is in charge of an English P.T. expert, who takes open-air gym classes every morning*

***Tortoise Racing*** *must be one of the slowest sports on earth, but the boys are at it most of their free time*

# Refugees in England

## A Basque Children's Camp in Berkshire

There are still about two thousand boys and girls in the Basque Children's Committee's fifty-two camps. They are very well-behaved, and have settled down fairly happily in their new life, with regular class-work, gym and games, housework for the girls and gardening for the boys. All this costs 10s. a week per child, which means the Committee has to find £1000 a week to keep the Camps going. And £4 a child whenever one is sent back to Spain. This is only done on the rare occasions when parents or friends have been discovered who can look after the child properly. For a tragically large number of these children there is small hope of that ever happening

***Folk Songs and Dances,*** *a rich Basque heritage, are still part of the children's lives*

***Boots*** *in a beflagged orange-box have a homely pathos*

***Gargling parade*** *is a cheerful and musical affair under the eye of a trained nurse. A thorough medical examination takes place weekly*

***Small Girls*** *take their lessons with becoming seriousness for the camera's benefit*

***Dinner-time*** *is the day's big moment. Older boys serve the stew and potatoes to a platoon of young waiters*

# Films of the Day

## A Fairy Tale from Mongolia

### By George Campbell

"Son of Mongolia" is a fairy-tale, a new "Red" version of *Jack the Giant-Killer*, with a broad-faced, short-legged, slow-moving Mongol peasant as Jack, and the Japanese and their Manchurian satellites forming a sort of composite giant. With the present tension in the East and feeling running high in Russia I don't doubt *Son of Mongolia* is a box-office sensation. In the reactionary atmosphere of Berkeley Square there will be as much laughter as applause; but, propaganda apart, it is quaint, original and (I thought) very entertaining.

Ilya Trauberg, the director, has found his players in Mongolia. I doubt if one of them has appeared before a camera before. In fact, so remote is the setting in the dead heart of Asia, that I should, have been ready to bet none of them had even seen a cinema if the film itself did not prove that time marches on. Side by side with men in sheepskin jackets riding camels are smartly uniformed soldiers in tanks, and civilians in zip fasteners on bicycles—oddly enough, without wholly destroying the picturesqueness and queer beauty of the scene.

The hero is a Mongol shepherd, in love with an imperious beauty who gallops about on a pony and makes big eyes and generally carries on very much like her sisters in Half Moon Street. His rival bribes a wandering priest fortune-teller, and the poor young gribouille is sent off to look for an enchanted garden depicted in one of those Chinese prints with the prince and princess in the foreground carrying what might be badminton racquets, or butterfly nets, or just ordinary fly-swatters.

Gold may be where you find it, but the lesson of *Son of Mongolia* is that happiness is where you make it. Our hero doesn't know this yet. Off the poor Mongol moron gallops in search of his enchanted garden, and what with sandstorms, fighting a dozen Japanese single-handed, and being flogged and condemned to death, he has a pretty thin time before he discovers that the garden of the picture is the prince's palace where he now lies in a cage awaiting execution. Tough goin', cowboy, but don't you worry—everything 's goin' to be arl right. In fact swell.

What did I say? Who is this creeping up on the sentry with a knife? Nobody but the proletarian befriended by the hero after a bad beating up. The newcomer pulls off a Tom Mix rescue and the pair pound off on their sturdy Mongolian ponies followed by Japanese in armoured cars, the fugitives carefully avoiding broken ground and tall reeds where the pursuers might lose sight of them. At last they reach the frontier river, with the machine-guns still popping at them. Do they dash across at once to safety? You can bet Hoot Gibson's copy of *Das Kapital* they don't. That would be far too simple. They send the one remaining horse galloping off, throw themselves down in the middle of a flock, start making a noise midway between a yodel and the Indian Love Call, and the sheep, who could not behave better if they were Communists, immediately crowd around and hide them from the soldiers. Less hackneyed than shooting through the rope at a necktie party, and every bit as convincing.

The charm of *Son of Mongolia* lies not in its plot, which I've outlined, so that you can't say you haven't been warned, but in the fantastic background, the novelty of the dresses and ideas and manners, and the often enchanting photography. The lesson may be nursery communism, the plot just good old Western, but the camera angles are very artful indeed, as when the simpleton sets out post-haste for his Promised Land and you find yourself staring at a high blank fence—until over the top of it pops the grinning, malicious face of his rival.

"Fast Company" makes no pretence of being art. There is no montage and no lesson, unless it be the old one that any crook who runs foul of a private detective is out of luck. But I don't know when I enjoyed a film more. What does it matter if the detective and his wife do bring back memories of the Powell-Loy ménage in *The Thin Man*? The story turns and twists like an eel, the dialogue sparkles with wit, and the acting all round is first-class, which says a lot for the cast, and still more, perhaps, for the director, Edward Buzzell. As for Melvyn Douglas and Florence Rice, I cannot see any reason for supposing they are less accomplished than Mr. Powell and Miss Loy, which means that they are as near the top as makes no matter.

The other pictures are unimportant. *The Battle of Broadway* is Twentieth Century-Fox at its noisiest and silliest; *Booloo* has some quaint shots of jungle creatures, though I doubt if the R.S.P.C.A. would approve of the scene where monkeys dash across a stream (hardly of their own free will, I imagine), and in some cases are carried away by the stream; and *Blind Alibi* is a crook piece, with a plot quite unworthy of Richard Dix. In fact, unworthy of almost anybody.

*"Son of Mongolia," the Riding Heroine and the Travelling Hero*

*The sturdy woman on the little Chinese horse is the heroine of this picturesque primitive story, and a member, like the rest of the cast and the musicians, of the Mongolian People's Theatre*

*An equally sturdy peasant is the hero who journeys into Manchukuo and trouble with the Japanese. Ilya Trauberg directed this Soviet film (reviewed here), which has some lovely photography of the vast Mongolian scene*

## Joan Crawford

Joan Crawford is one of the easiest film stars to caricature on account of her big eyes and her big mouth. She was once a shopgirl. She is good in the portrayal of people she knows about, American girls or ladies. *Our Dancing Daughters* was just right to make her name, and it did. But it is difficult to imagine her doing anything as a Chinese peasant, or even a French one. Nevertheless, she works hard at her acting, for she is very ambitious. That was a reason given by friends for her separation with easy-going socialite Franchot Tone. "We are parting on the most friendly terms," announced these great ones in a bulletin. This week Joan Crawford starts work on the film of Keith Winter's stage success, *The Shining Hour*

# The First of the Grouse Shooting

*Mr. Douglas, Lord Mansfield and Capt. Finlay in a Perthshire Glen*

*Glen Quaich is the background to this trio of guns walking leisurely to the next butts: Mr. Douglas, Lord Mansfield and Captain W. G. Knox Finlay. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Burrell were their hosts, and their headquarters were Turrerich Hill, near Amulree. Thunder and lightning greeted the "Twelfth" in this part, as in Yorkshire*

*Mr. Martineau, His Party and His Bag*

*Mr. Hubert Martineau, the wintersportsman, shot over Yorkshire country at Reeth Moor; the season opened surlily in that county, where the "Twelfth's" highest bag was 95 brace. Mr. Martineau is here sitting down on the left, next to Mr. W. Harrison; the others are Lieut.-Col. G. Phillipi, Mr. Blake, Major Miller-Mundy, Captain H. Fairhurst and Lord Belper*

*Europeans*

*Baron E. de Cartier de Marchienne, the Belgian Ambassador in London, is walking out to the butts with Lady Monsell. They were both guests of Lord Swinton at Pott Moors, Yorkshire, where he held his regular party for the "Twelfth"*

*Lord Whitburgh at Mayshiel*

*Whitburgh is in Midlothian, and its Laird had only to go to East Lothian to take possession of his shoot at Mayshiel. His father, Sir Thomas Borthwick, earned the barony*

*The gun with victim below is Captain Sir Thomas Franklin. He was one of the Craig Lodge, Forfar, party, whose host was Mr. Smith Bingham*

*Americans*

*Mr. Reeve Schley, vice-president of the Chase National Bank of New York, is with his host's daughter, Mrs. Pratt McLane, who wore cowgirl boots at Yester, East Lothian. Her father is Mr. Herbert L. Pratt*

*Scottish Scene, August 12th : the Gun is Sir Archibald Lyle's Son, Michael*

*Shooting Near Home*

*Lord Swinton was host, as usual, at Pott Moors, above Masham, in his own county of Yorkshire. One of the guns of the ex-Air Minister was Capt. Dugdale (left)*

*Drawing for Places in Aberdeenshire*

*The hostess of the trio on the left is Mrs. Smith Bingham, who wore trousers as a counter to the men's kilts. Her companions and guests are Lady Delamere and Mrs. Stanley Clarke. The shoot is Craig Lodge, Glen Prosen, Forfar*

*Miss Rachel Parsons leased Glenkindie, Aberdeenshire, from the Hon. Jock Leith ; she is the daughter of the late Sir Charles Parsons. Her guns, drawing for position in the line of butts, are Sir Alan MacLean, General Thomson, Sir Charles Seligman and Capt. Lumsden of Clova*

*Action Pictures of Massine in the Farucca, One of His Most Famous Dances*

Leonide Massine and Tamara Toumanova in "Le Tricorne"

*Toumanova as the Spanish Miller's Wife, a Part in Which She Succeeds Karsavina, Sokolova, Tchernicheva*

# Tamara Toumanova

## Some New Studies

Toumanova had a tremendous welcome when she came back to London after an absence of two years, to dance with the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. During the Drury Lane season she danced at least two roles for the first time: the part created by Nemtchinova in *L'Epreuve d'Amour*, in which her sense of style and atmosphere and her mime make her performance a particularly interesting one, and *Giselle*, which demands everything a dancer can give, both in acting and technique. Among her already known roles are *Les Sylphides*, a sensitive and dreamy *Spectre de la Rose*, and the Doll in *Petrouchka*. Perhaps the Miller's Wife in *Le Tricorne* suits Toumanova's temperament better than any other part, and shows how much her expressiveness and attack have matured. The richness and supple strength of her characterisation and dancing are an excellent match to Massine's superb creation of the Miller. At present, Toumanova is on holiday, like the rest of the Monte Carlo company. They return on September 5th, this time to Covent Garden, for a brief autumn season before sailing for their American tour

*Photographs by Anthony*

*The Flowing Delicacy of "Les Sylphides"*

*In "Le Spectre de la Rose"—the Young Girl of Gautier's Poem*

*The Fresh Innocence of "Le Spectre de la Rose"*

*The Swaying Pride of "Le Tricorne"*

*Reconnaissance of a Blister-Gas Obstacle*

*A Warning to Kentish Cows*

### *Detection*

*Buttercups are said to be bad for cows, but the soldiers above suspect something more poisonous in the Kentish fields. They suspect the presence of a blister-gas on the grass, either from shell or bomb, or sprayed by aircraft or retreating troops. The military term, "gas," includes three types: true gases, smokes, and vaporising liquids or solids. Persistent gases of the last type are the most dangerous, as they continue to give off poisonous vapour for a long time, and in liquid form are absorbed by clothes, building materials, vegetation, etc. The commonest persistent blister-gases are mustard-gas and Lewisite ("dew of death"), and it is one of these that the soldiers believe to be present. One brushes a piece of prepared paper on the grass, with his bayonet; a red discoloration denotes the presence of liquid-gas. The other sticks in a modest warning and they hurry back to report*

### *Classroom*

*The section at right are not holding an open-air service to pray for no gas; their methods are more material. They are receiving instruction from Sergeant Cameron in the rapid adjustment of a respirator (gas-mask). Service respirators are very much more effective than civilian ones; no standard is divulged to which the latter conform, and cigarette smoke can be seen to penetrate the filter. This is not so with Service masks*

## With the Services, No. 20

# Anti-Gas (II)

Last week the nineteenth of this series showed men sheltering from poison-gas. This week's Parkinson pictures, taken at the anti-gas wing of the Small Arms School, Hythe (v. "With the Services" 17, July 27th), show them fighting it

### *Decontamination*

*The men on the left have reported the presence of blister-gas (and are probably under treatment for burnt ankles and hands), and a decontamination squad sets out (right). They carry buckets of bleach-paste, a pick and shovel, and they are fully protected by rubber boots, oilskin suits, hoods and respirators. In the top picture they emerge from a building they have decontaminated by washing bleach-paste on to the stains of gas. In the bottom picture they are sealing an upwind bomb crater (foreground) by scattering bleaching-powder in it and filling up with clean earth. Bleaching-powder (chloride of lime) renders mustard-gas inactive by oxidizing it:* $(CH_2ClCH_2)_2S + CaOCl_2 = (CH_2ClCH_2)_2SO + CaCl_2$

How to deal with

# The Incendiary Bomb

The "With the Services" pictures back of this page and their predecessor in the series (August 17th) dealt with anti-gas precautions in the modern army. Here you see in action another much-publicised horror, the incendiary bomb. It is now generally admitted outside the Home Office that the worst aerial war danger comes from neither gas nor incendiaries, but from high explosives. However, it is comforting to know that the first two will rarely be used in conjunction, as the upward draught from fires disperses the gas. The incendiary bomb weighs from 2 to 60 pounds. Even the heaviest has little power of penetration. An inflammable case is filled with thermite (powdered aluminium plus oxygen bearer), thus the elements of combustion are contained in the bomb and it cannot be extinguished by ordinary means (it will burn under water). The only method of dealing with the bomb is therefore to isolate it from inflammable material so that it wastes its fury. This is done in miniature for the sake of A.R.P. pupils in the anti-gas wing of the Small Arms School, as Norman Parkinson's photographs demonstrate

***1. The bomb is detonated** and it immediately begins to burn towards its maximum heat of 3000° C. Bombs twenty times this size could be expected in war*

***2. The bomb burns through** the first wooden stage and falls on to sand. A great deal of sand would have to be spread in London to intercept a bomber squadron's load (7000 bombs)*

***3. The bomb wastes away** on its sand-bed, quite invisible in its brilliance and emitting clouds of smoke (harmless). A large incendiary may burn fifteen minutes*

***4. The bomb is smothered** by a man with long-handled shovel and bucket. In Barcelona the clothes of people within thirteen feet of incendiary bombs have burst into flame*

"Bystander" Short Story No. 153

# Eighty Minutes

## By Geoffrey Ford

*Illustrated by E. Spring-Smith*

THERE was no train when they finally reached the station. No train—only the dying echo of a whistle, forlorn in the darkness, to tell them by what a narrow margin they had missed it. The whistling ceased, leaving heavy silence, except for the mysterious noises that go on in stations. The humming of wires; a sudden shrilling bell; the downward crash of an unseen signal arm, and a mutter of voices behind the closed door of the porters' room.

"You see?" said the man, and threw a crumpled evening paper savagely on the seat: "I told you we ought to have left earlier. Twenty-five minutes to get to the station, and no taxi! I don't know why we have friends in the country. I don't know why anyone has friends in the country. If that fool hadn't promised to get the car out we should have left in better time."

He assumed an exaggerated voice in imitation of their host: "Just sit tight, folks, and I'll give her another swing—she's only cold, that's all. You've got plenty of time. She's sure to start in a minute." He snorted: "Sure to start in a minute! And then calmly telling us that there was no hire car to be had, and that if we ran part of the way we might just get the train!"

"Well, he did his best. It wasn't his fault," said the woman; "and getting in a beastly temper won't help matters. After all, they gave us a pretty good evening."

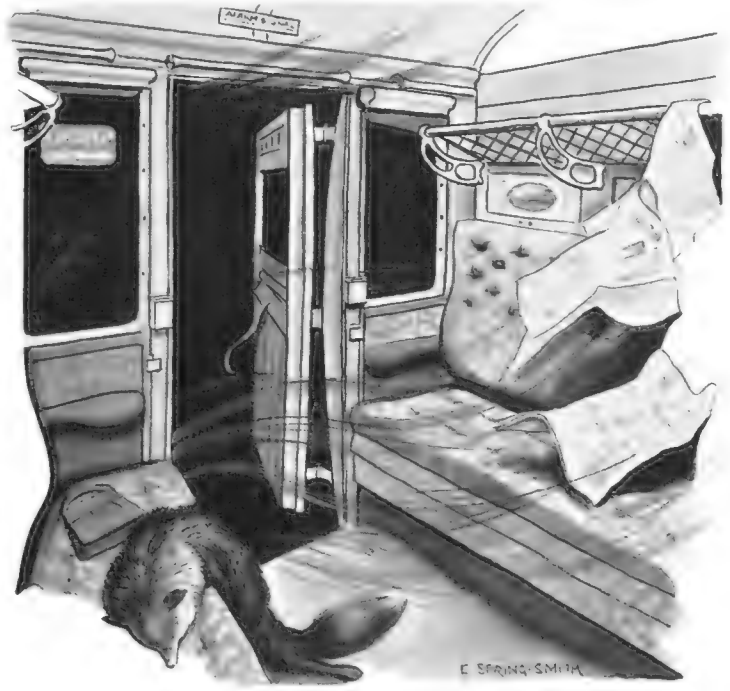
"If a bad dinner and a long walk and a missed train is your idea of a good evening it just isn't mine. I can't think why you said we'd go. You know the Edwards. You might have known something like this would happen."

He walked off in search of a porter, leaving the woman cold with anger at the implication that the fiasco was her fault. When he returned to say, almost triumphantly, that the next train was not due for an hour and ten minutes she treated the news with a maddening indifference that made him more furious than before. So they sat in silence. He smoked. The woman would have liked to have done so, but had no cigarettes in her case and was far too angry to ask him for one.

Presently she smoothed out the crumpled newspaper and made pretence at reading, but the print could not hold her attention; so she contented herself with considering possible retorts and anticipating what her husband might say to annoy her next. He wasn't always like this, only occasionally, when a whole lot of little things got on his nerves. Most times he was pretty good-tempered, but when an accumulation of trivial misfortunes suddenly soured him, then nothing she could say was right. It was just unfortunate, she thought, that she happened to be feeling bad-tempered herself this evening. They had quarrelled on the way to the Edwards and bickered continually during the long, unwelcome walk back to the station. Missing the train had simply capped the whole affair.

They sat dumbly for some time, listening to the monotonous popping of the gas lamps and the incessant barking of a dog a long way away. In the silence and the night the little station seemed to be crumbling into the limbo of disuse. The idea that a train would ever again steam into it became almost unbelievable. The solitude made of it a dim, canopied shelter in the wastelands of time, forgotten and remote.

After a while the woman started tapping on the platform with her heel. Just tapping out the rhythm of a popular tune, quite quietly, but the man stirred irritably at the slight noise and glanced repeatedly at her feet.




"Must you?" he asked at last. The effect was immediate and startling. She turned on him, almost choking with rage.

"I've had about enough!" she said. "You're being an absolute cad, going on in this rotten way. Do you think I'm enjoying myself? Do you think I like being cooped up on a deserted station with no one but a—a great boor for company? Oh, you're impossible!"

She jumped up and walked off down the platform. He stood up, too, but she said: "Don't follow me—not if you can't speak decently to me," so he sat down again and stared at his outstretched feet as he listened to the furious click of her heels as she disappeared in the direction of the platform end.

At last he, too, wandered along the station, but in the opposite direction, counting his paces between each pillar and trying to justify his temper, but because he could not do so, feeling angrier than ever. He read the labels on two kit-bags and a roll of wire netting that stood forlornly beside the barrier, and then walked over to a derelict-looking fortune-telling machine. A gipsy with a pointing finger formed the hand upon the dial. The man inserted a penny and waited with empty impatience for the whirling pointer to stop. "Prosperity is on the way. A lover's wish will shortly be granted," he read, and with the idea of angling for a more applicable fortune, dropped another penny into the slot, but the coin stuck, as if the gipsy refused to be coerced into altering unalterable destiny.

He resumed his pacing of the platform. "Thirty-nine . . . forty . . . forty-one . . . forty-two . . ." and back to the pillar again. All the time he was thinking: "I ought to go along to her—say I'm sorry or something—I suppose she'll sulk all the way home now." He had almost made up his mind at least to attempt a reconciliation, when a bell jangled and the signal dropped with a metallic rattle. Distant rumbling outraged the silence and a light, like a low star, green and steady, appeared far down the line. He waited for a moment, but there was no sign of his wife and the train was approaching rapidly. He started to walk down the platform and then broke into a run as he realised that the station was longer than he had thought. The train was already steaming under the footbridge by the time he saw her.

She was standing in the darkness by a huddle of milk churns. Even before he reached her he suspected that she was crying. He was right.

"Come along!" he said. "For heaven's sake pull yourself together, Hilda. Here's the train. I'll say I'm sorry. I'll say anything you like if you'll stop snivelling and be sensible." Snivelling was an ill-chosen word in her present mood.

(Concluded on page iv)

*Cannons of Hollywood*

# The Lady Diana Stuart-Wortley

Lady Ann and Lady Diana Montagu-Stuart-Wortley-Mackenzie are the two eldest daughters of the Earl and Countess of Wharncliffe, and are nineteen and eighteen respectively. Lady Ann was a Coronation debutante, and her sister came out this summer. They were both in London for the season, but have been brought up mostly in the country. Their home is Wortley Hall in Yorkshire. They both

*Cannons of Hollywood*

# The Lady Ann Stuart-Wortley

hunt with the Badsworth, go out with the Ecclesfield Beagles, of which Lady Wharncliffe has been Master since 1930, and play golf and tennis. Lord Wharncliffe is the third Earl, and married Earl Fitzwilliam's eldest daughter in the last year of the war. Their two younger daughters are seventeen and eight years old, and they have a son and heir, Alan (Viscount Carlton), born in 1935

# The "Bystander" Bookshelf

## Young Woodley and a Dancer

### By V. S. Pritchett

We live in a suburban civilisation. Yet a childhood and youth in the respectable London suburbs are not often described with success or sympathy. Anger, patronage, a wry humour are the typical attitudes. It is felt that the suburbs are dull or ridiculous. No One Lives there—that old, dated snob-joke has put a ban on suburban writing, and writers quickly scuttle up to town or out to the country to forget the shame of Streatham and the horror of Willesden. One of the attractions of Mr. John Van Druten's autobiography, *The Way to the Present* (Michael Joseph; 10*s.* 6*d.*), is its real understanding of a suburban atmosphere. Coming from Holland, the elder Van Drutens were free of our inhibitions. The family took Brondesbury and West Hampstead as they found them and saw no reason for making faces at the amenities of civilisation. Compared with the average English bank clerk or manager, the elder Van Druten was a very cultivated man. A tyrant who was frankly disliked by his son, he considered an interest in the arts for their own sake—and not on our commercial basis—an elegance and almost a conventional necessity. And so, though Mr. Van Druten had all the difficulties which every young man has who sets out on an ambitious career and stands before the apparently unbridgeable gulf between hope and even modest achievement, he had not the usual genial Philistinism of our kind to tackle first. That came later when the Lord Chamberlain, with his unfailing eye for buds to nip, banned *Young Woodley* on the unanswerable grounds that "it was liable to cause offence to scholastic bodies and pain to parents and guardians." (And here, I think, the campaign against the censorship makes an error: it attacks Victorianism, when the real trouble is not our national obsession about sexual purity but the doctrine of the inviolability of the pocket.)

However, this is a by-path. Mr. Van Druten's book describes the growth of a temperament. In a way his life was eventless and the book contains no "revelations," but the honesty of a mature writer makes all subjects fascinating. Three things stand out: the portrait of his father, the unaffected picture of his own youth—a picture which is free from that irritating amusement under which writers hide their embarrassment before an awkward subject—and the moving story of his mother's widowhood and the last months of her life. How ill-judged and false these descriptions of growing pains can be in books more dramatic, more brilliantly egotistical than Mr. Van Druten's, but with so little of his balanced and reflective judgment! The attraction of youth is its inexperience, its feeling of being lost in a world half-boring and half-momentous—at least, this was the feeling of a suburban youth too young for the war, and Mr. Van Druten catches it very faithfully.

"Dancer in Madrid," by Janet Riesenfeld (Harrap; 10*s.* 6*d.*), is altogether more volatile in manner and more dramatic in material, but it has a similar lack of affectation. The story of Madrid in the early part of the civil war has been described often enough, and Miss Riesenfeld tells little that is new. What is interesting is her personal story and tragedy. A dancer of Viennese extraction, living in the U.S.A., she was engaged to be married to a wealthy young Catalan before the war, and arrived in Madrid just after the fighting started, to join her lover. From him she understood—what, indeed, the Army had calculated—that it was a coup d'état which would be over in a week or two. Gradually, from complete ignorance of the situation, she began to see its real significance.

She also saw that for her lover and herself the final question was not their love but their respective political convictions—a matter which was dramatically brought home to her when she discovered that he had endangered her life by hiding a secret agent in her flat, and was himself a Franco spy. In the end he was caught and shot.

Melodrama describes the conflict of goods and evils, tragedy the conflict of goods. Miss Riesenfeld has written a personal tragedy. She has done it simply, naturally and with deep feeling. Jaime thought she was wrong. She thought he was wrong. He hated the people. Agents like himself shot down three children before her eyes in the Gran Via, and Jaime thought it horrible but necessary.

He was ever ready to take a risk about her life. She is very fair to him and though, in their political arguments, he told her with some truth that she was an ignorant child who knew nothing about politics, there is nothing hysterical in her narrative, nothing exaggerated. By the time she went to see his dead body in the morgue she had learned a very great deal indeed about issues more urgent than personal happiness.

*"Dancer in Madrid"*

*An American dancer of Austrian extraction went to Madrid to marry her wealthy Catalan fiancé. But the war broke out, and their sympathies divided. The story of their separation is now told against a background of terror by the dancer Janet Riesenfeld, in her book, "Dancer in Madrid." It is reviewed here*

And now two novels. Mr. Leonard Cooper in *Nipper's Bar* (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is a witty reporter of flat conversations heard in a very bogus Jermyn Street bar. He has a malevolent ear for the recurring motifs of talk, such repetitions and stock phrases as this from a pair of fluffy subalterns: "Have a gasper?" "No, thanks. Have one of mine? I've got bags"—straws at which the talker clutches again and again as the brain gives out. Mr. Leonard Cooper does a night of this at Nipper's, and it is entertaining in an awful way.

"Common People," by William Cameron (Gollancz; 8*s.* 6*d.*), is a skilfully managed picture of East End life. The story of Dick, Connie, Annie, and the loose-living gas inspector is conventional enough, but Mr. Cameron's light, spirited, half-humorous treatment goes deeper than at first seems likely. These people are human beings. They talk about the real concerns of the slums and Mr. Cameron has not allowed his social indignations to smother his wit. There is pathos and a fighting merriment in this pleasantly crowded narrative. For me his is the most readable novel this week.

# Fashion as it flies . . .

*by Elizabeth*

Furs change in fashion as much as frocks, and this year there is a definite feeling for Indian lamb, either black, grey or brown. It is a strong, hard-wearing fur which, in spite of being practical, retains a certain air of luxury, particularly when the skins are beautifully matched as in the grey coat on the right. This comes from Gorringe, in the Buckingham Palace Road, and costs fifty-five guineas. It is three-quarter length, cut on easy, swinging lines, with square padded shoulders and broad high revers. It is interesting to note that skunk has come back into fashion, and is being used both for capes and trimmings. Gorringe's are showing this fur made up into a hip-length cape with sling sleeves, for forty-two guineas. The skins have been specially selected for their dark colouring and silky texture. Another similar model with close-fitting shoulders, slightly squared, and a small, shaped collar which can be worn up or down, is available in black Persian lamb for thirty-five guineas

Scott Bushe

# Ready for Riding

The fancies of fashion have no very noticeable effect on riding clothes, which depend on the sounder basis of good tailoring and a perfect fit. For hacking, either jodhpurs or breeches may be worn, with a pullover or shirt in the early autumn and a tweed coat when the mornings become colder. There is a surprising range of shades among these brown tweeds and buff cavalry twills. They need never look drab, for pullovers can be a really brilliant yellow, and there are many amusing scarves printed with horses' heads or foxes' masks. Ties can be found in smaller versions of the same design. String gloves are dyed in all kinds of colours besides the usual pale yellow. Incidentally, these look good with tweeds on any country occasion, and wear extremely wel

Jodhpurs are usually suggested for the beginner, though many experienced riders continue to wear them. Anyone proposing to ride for the first time should certainly consult Moss Bros., of King Street, Covent Garden, who are always ready to advise a novice or discuss equipment with an expert. They have the well-cut jodhpurs above in cavalry twill for £3 10s., worn with a tweed hacking coat which costs £2 15s. This can, of course, be chosen in various patterns and shades. The sweater with its high roll collar, fitting easily across the shoulders, is 15s., and the soft felt hat 12s. 6d. Its crown can be adapted to suit the wearer and the brim curved at a becoming angle

For more formal riding, breeches are correct with the same tweed coat and a shirt and tie. Moss Bros. have the pair on the left for £3 5s. Boots, which cost three guineas, should be very carefully selected, for they will be worn hard and must fit accurately. The shirt is 12s. 6d. and the gaily printed tie half a crown; leather-covered canes like this one are 4s. There is no need to stay at home even on a wet November day, for the "Mosco" mackintosh really does protect the rider. It is designed with a deep storm-collar, leg and pommel straps, and an extra apron attachment. A full list of riding equipment, with prices, is given in the catalogue, which will be sent gratis and post free on application

# the bystander twins in search of NOVELTIES

*Wear a wild rose necklace in palest pink enamel with a purple evening dress, and pin a spray of mimosa on your cloak. This floral jewellery is designed by Asprey's, of Bond Street, and is very effective both for day and evening wear. Next to the mimosa is a spray of white lilac interspersed with diamanté*

*Asprey's are also showing the new beauty bracelet, which only costs 17s. 6d. It is designed in gilt and is both decorative and practical, as it will carry your make-up for the evening. A spring releases the lid, and inside you will find space for powder, lipstick and rouge*

*Gaily coloured scarves will be worn this autumn with the new collarless coats. Some are sleeve-shaped, like the one on the right, in brown velvet lined with gold. It ties round the neck, and the cuffs turn back showing their contrasting lining. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, have it for 4s. 11d.*

*Hats this season are as crazy as can be, and one of the craziest is sketched on the left. This ridiculous little tricorne perches well forward, while an elastic and bunches of fluffy tulle prevent it from overbalancing altogether. It comes from Dickins and Jones, who are showing a delightful autumn collection*

*One way of brightening sombre tweeds is to wear a reversible scarf with surah one side and very fine duvetyn the other. The one sketched above is brilliantly coloured in bold stripes and checks. It only costs 12s. 11d., and comes from Marshall and Snelgrove*

*A bolero and sash is an excellent means of introducing colour on a plain frock. The set shown comes from the scarf department at Marshall and Snelgrove. Both the bolero and sash are in silk back velvet, woven with a black and white Dalmatian spot design. They are also available in gay Neapolitan colours*

*This almost crownless bowler is another frivolous note at Dickins and Jones, Regent Street. It is made in black velvet trimmed with two unusual colours, wine and bright pink. The tipped-up back and forward tilt are admirably suited to the new Edwardian coiffure*

# Golf Clubs at Home

## Minehead and West Somerset

The course of the Minehead and West Somerset Golf Club lies on a strip of dune and shingle between a dyke and the Bristol Channel. It is one of the most exhilarating rounds in the West, and, founded in 1882, it is also one of the oldest. The club-house is ten minutes out of Minehead on foot. The total length is 6108 yards

*(1) Major J. H. Whitehead (secretary). (2) E. S. Reed (committee chairman). (3) D. Bissett (green committee chairman). (4) R. C. Berry (committee member). (5) W. F. Mackenzie (committee member). (6) H. M. Brandram (committee member). (7) Dr. Erskine-Collins and C. J. Rhodes (captain). (8) E. M. Hill (captain-elect) and Stanley Beckett. (9) Dr. H. M. Chappel and E. T. Tatlow. (10) N. Atkins (steward) and Frank Goldsmith (professional for forty years)*

# J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

## Miss Helme's Latest Book

MISS ELEANOR HELME has lately written another golfing book which is called *Family Golf*, and is published by J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., of Aldine House, London, W.C., and costs 5s. The book describes the golfing activities of a young family, its friends and its acquaintances, and in places written suggestions are given on how to play various shots. It has been rumoured that these written suggestions may cause the Royal and Ancient Golf Club to debar Miss Helme from playing in amateur golf events. Whether there is any foundation for this rumour I do not know, but I am quite sure that Miss Helme does not care a blow whether or not she ever plays in another golf competition or championship. Miss Helme no doubt gets just as much fun at the present time out of non-serious rounds with her friends as she had when she was competing in championships and important golfing events with the leading players of the time.

IT is not easy to imagine anyone very much better able to impart knowledge on how to play the game than Miss Helme. She represented England in 1911, 1912 and 1913, and again after the war in 1920. In 1921, with T. A. Torrance, as her partner, she won the Worplesdon Open Mixed Foursomes, when her side beat Roger and Miss Joyce Wethered in the final by 3 holes up and 2 holes to play. This was the first occasion on which these foursomes were played, and the final was at that time played over eighteen holes instead of over thirty-six holes, as it is now.

YOU will be well advised to read in *Family Golf* what Miss Helme has to say about putting, as it was her putting which was largely responsible for her side's success. The Wethereds had a tremendous advantage in length, but this advantage was more than counterbalanced by Miss Helme's deadly putting, and her partner did his share by giving her numerous opportunities of demonstrating her skill on the green. Miss Helme has never hit the golf ball very far, but hits it always (or nearly always) very straight, and thus is a perfect foursome partner, especially as she possesses an ideal temperament for the game, whether she is performing in a match or in a medal competition.

Miss Helme has also had, as golf correspondent of the BYSTANDER and the *Morning Post*, numerous opportunities of watching the leading players of the day play often, well and badly. She has been the chief organiser of the Girls' Championship since its inception in 1919, when Miss ——— won. I do not think I ought to publish the winner's name, as it would tell everyone how old she is, and my book of etiquette says you should never mention a lady's age. Miss Helme has not only run this championship, but has also worked very hard to coach and help the young players who take part in it.

HER new book does not consist of page after page about straight left arms, transferring the weight, keeping the eyes on the ball, etc., but is a story of a Commander in the Navy who takes his wife and two children, a son and a daughter, to Lossiemouth for their summer holidays, and of their activities, golfing and otherwise. The son is a very keen golfer and does all in his power to help his sister to improve her game and this is where the instructional part of the book comes in. To give one example, the son, John, says to his sister Mollie (as many other brothers have done before him) just after she has entered her name for the chief junior competition of the year: "You really can't afford to miss all those putts. If only you will listen to what I say about putting you need not worry about any of your opponents." John then quotes from an imaginary book, *The Improving Golfer*, and tells her how Miss Helme advises people to putt, and relates many very useful tips, some of which have not been thought of by anyone else.

Other shots in the game are introduced in casual conversation in a similar manner, and *The Improving Golfer* is perused again to see how they should be played in the simplest possible manner. Although the instructions in the book are meant chiefly for the young, they all apply equally well to the middle-aged and the old, and are set out in very simple language, which can be understood without difficulty by a child or by a person with little knowledge of the game.

THE book is very cleverly illustrated by Miss Barbara Turner, who has managed, unlike many artists, to draw children playing golf shots accurately, and to show clearly and correctly the details of the grip and the stance. I particularly like the drawing entitled "John Hits a Very Good Second." The title appeared to be very appropriate, and I seem to remember having heard these identical words on numerous occasions. All golfers will find *Family Golf* both instructive and interesting, and also easy to read, remarks which do not apply by any means to all instructional books.

***Bobby Locke**, the young Open champion of his native South Africa, and of Ireland, left England for Australia last week, after challenging and beating Alfred Padgham. He will make a golf tour there*

***Golf at Gleneagles** Hotel is in full swing for those who like to August in Scotland but don't want to shoot. These two are Mr. R. W. Woodruff, managing director for Coca-Cola, and Mr. Gordon Lockhart*

***Alfred Padgham** entered the last thirty-six holes of the "News Chronicle" £1000 professional golf tournament at Brighton with eighth best score (150). In the final rounds he improved somewhat on this*

***W. T. Twine**, of Langley Park, headed the qualifiers for the third day's play with a score of 143, which was particularly good in view of a strong wind which brought many to grief*

***Rugger** in August would call forth cries of horror from most, not least from Howard Marshall. This happens to be in South Africa, the land where they drink iced beer on the stoep at Christmas and where nothing is impossible, least of all to the Springboks. Here Craven (South Africa) is breaking through the English line at Ellis Park, Johannesburg, where our touring team played and lost its first match*

***Riding** through England on quartet — Mr. Saunders and Glanville, of Chard — repre- long-distance rally which given a choice of routes,*

# Summer Sport

## By Howard Marshall

I RATHER resent having to think so soon about the Rugby football season, but the plain fact is that already it is close upon us. Within a week or so, zealous players will be running about, and a fortnight hence some of the provincial clubs will have started their campaign in earnest.

There will be injuries upon the hard grounds of early autumn. There will be the old moan, in which I shall join fervently, about the season beginning too early. And club committees, taking no notice and considering finance, will go their way unperturbed.

It should be, at any rate, an extremely interesting season. Last year, you will remember, the international matches might have come straight out of *Alice in Wonderland*. The points scored mounted up to 176, which caused a deal of perplexity to those who maintain that modern defence has cancelled out attack. There was some fine mid-field play, by the Scotsmen particularly, though nothing to warrant the assumption that the golden age had returned.

WE shall, however, look forward keenly to the return of the touring team from South Africa. The players who have spent their summer bouncing about on the hard African grounds may bring back with them some revitalising theories. They will, I fancy, have a good deal to say about the necessity for sound scrummaging, and they may even attempt to introduce real shoving, binding and packing into their club teams.

My own view is that the game is in a tolerably healthy state, and that we shall see much good football before the season is out. So far nothing has been said about resuming fixtures with France, though I expect the cry will be raised before long. Personally, I hope this particular sleeping dog will be allowed to lie. We have quite enough international distraction as it is. In the meanwhile, we shall be on the lookout for promising youngsters, though in Rugby football a player takes longer to reach maturity than in most other games. This is, I know a debatable point of view. The university player who steps straight into an international team would probably argue that he had very little to learn. As a matter of fact, the vast majority of university players, even the exceptionally talented ones, do not begin to mature until they have played in a good club side for three or four years.

THIS summer, as a matter of fact, has brought to the fore a number of youngsters in other games. Lawn tennis, for instance, has produced Miss Jean Nicoll, who shows, at the age of fifteen, a maturity and control of stroke play which encourage us to think of her as a potential champion.

As I write, Miss Nicoll is attracting very considerable attention in the North of England Championships at Scarborough. She may not win the singles, but her steadiness and resource when she beat the experienced Miss Burrows, Yorkshire Champion, in a match which lasted two hours, were altogether admirable and full of promise.

Then there are the twins, W. and K. Shute, of King's School, Rochester, who won the doubles in the Schoolboys' Tournament at Queen's. They showed that remarkable unity of mind which is sometimes evident in twins, and their combination was perfect. Those who watched them closely felt that

***Athletics** have had a successful season with three or four big meetings, but the international match against France was not too well supported. Nevertheless, the visitors were beaten by seventy points to fifty, D. O. Finlay, captain of our team, winning the 120 yards hurdles in 14·6 seconds. He is second from camera; the others are J. André, J. Brisson, J. St. L. Thornton (came second)*

*highway and bridle-path is just right for August. This Miss Saunders, of Taunton, Mrs. Glanville and Mr. sented Devon, Somerset and Cornwall in the second annual finished at Bulford Camp, Salisbury Plain. Starters are cups are awarded to best individuals and best teams*

***Cricket** works towards its end, and with the challenge for the Championship in view, Middlesex's matches are closely watched. Against Essex they were highly satisfactory, this fine catch by Edrich ending the Essex first innings for 108. Essex could not pick up far enough and lost by 10 wickets*

here was a doubles pair which in due course might remedy a very serious weakness in Great Britain's Davis Cup team.

Whether the Shutes will be able to play sufficient tennis when they leave school to reach the highest flight, I do not know, but obviously they are capable of it, and the lawn tennis authorities should watch them very carefully. We cannot afford to let such valuable material go to waste. The Shutes, after all, might develop into another pair of Renshaws, and unless we find singles players of the Perry-Austin quality, the value of the doubles remains immense in the Davis Cup.

ANOTHER youngster of the moment is A. D. Locke, the South African golfer, though he has reached an eminence already which takes him out of the merely promising class. His achievements at the age of twenty, however, entitle us to indulge in the liveliest speculations about his future, and his victory over Padgham in the challenge match last week was one more proof of his confidence and ability.

Like Bradman and Bobby Jones and Amr Bey, and all the other really outstanding games players, Locke has remarkable powers of concentration. The paramount importance of concentration should be sufficiently obvious, and yet the more I watch various branches of sport, the more I grow convinced that the problem of mind control is far too rarely tackled.

Locke has tackled it right enough, and his impeccably smooth swing, so like that of the great Jones himself in its essentials, means that to the right big-occasion temperament he adds the major virtue of consistency. I do not see, barring ill-health, what is to stop Locke becoming the greatest of contemporary golfers, a player fit to rank with any of the giants of the past. I would take a modest wager, indeed, that over a term of years his achievements will eclipse those of any of his predecessors.

I SUPPOSE to this list of youthful prodigies we could add several of our young cricketers, notably R. B. Proud, of Winchester, who did so well for the Schools at Lord's, and played his first match for Hampshire last week. And R. A. Holt, of Harrow, they tell me, is an England batsman in the making.

It is good to know that the young entry shapes so well at many games, though it is probable that in this severely practical age most of our potential champions will have to work for their livings, and we shall see them no more.

I do not cavil at that. I will add, moreover, a word of gratitude to the Cunard line for failing to bray about the Queen Mary's record crossing of the Atlantic. The Cunard Company, an official remarked, are not interested in records—and what a relief that is!

***Swimming** fifteen hundred metres up and down the Empire Pool, Wembley, for a European championship left Swedish Bjorn Borg and British R. H. Leivers smiling. The visitor beat the Briton very closely—1·4 secs.; German H. Arndt was third*

***Diving** is the speciality of seventeen-year-old Betty Slade, of Ilford, who won the European spring-board championship at Wembley, despite her mother's mild disapproval of this sport for future mothers. She is with "elephant boy" Sabu, also a keen swimmer*

***Brig.-Gen. E. J. R. Peel** is the brother of Mrs. George Fenwick, who gives an annual croquet party at Cefn Park, Wrexham, where he played. He is also the Hurlingham handicap croquet champion*

***Lord Tollemache** is the All-England doubles champion (with Sir Jerald Burke). He was another guest and player at Mrs. Fenwick's party. He lives at Peckforton Castle, Cheshire*

# Scientists

## The British Association Meets at Cambridge

Lord Rayleigh opened the annual meeting of the British Association last Wednesday with a presidential address on "Natural vision and vision aided by science." The discussion of the relations between science and warfare with which he concluded is not unrelated to the Association's plans for a world league of science and for a section to study the international and social relations of science

*Professor Brooks, Botanist; Lord Rayleigh, Physicist; Professor Ferguson, Physicist*

*Lord Rayleigh, President of the British Association, discussed with two of its General Secretaries the meeting's schedule of addresses and conferences. Frederick Tom Brooks, from Somerset, is Professor of Botany at Cambridge University and a Fellow of Emmanuel. Allan Ferguson, son of a Glasgow calico-printer, is Assistant Professor of Physics at Queen Mary College, London*

### *Eye-sight Expert in Spectacles*

*Dr. Frederick William Edridge-Green is an ophthalmic surgeon who has made colour-vision and colour-blindness his life's study. He advises the Board of Trade on colour vision and eye-sight, invented the colour perception spectrometer and lantern used in official tests by the Navy*

### *Zoologists Make a Simultaneous Point*

*Professor Alfred Cort Haddon and Professor Sydney John Hickson, compared with engine drivers or astronomers, carry similar pictures of the world in their heads. But Professor Haddon, anthropologist as well as zoologist, lays his emphasis on man and his long, slow development, while Professor Hickson is primarily interested in the fauna of the deep seas*

### *A Native Physicist Arrives by Bicycle*

*Dr. George Frederick Charles Searle was born near Cambridge, educated in Cambridge (Scholar of Peterhouse), was University Lecturer in Experimental Physics there for thirty-five years (to 1935), and lives there still. So bicycling is second nature to him. As an experimental physicist the titles of his publications are more or less incomprehensible to the non-expert*

STORIES OF THE CLANS No. 6

*The 'Siol Ailpein' of which the badge is the pine, includes the MacGregors, the Grants, the MacKinnons and others, all of whom claim descent from Kenneth MacAlpine, the ancestor of the Scottish Kings. The ancient boast of their antiquity is preserved in the Gaelic saying—"hills and streams and MacAlpines" the inference being that the origins of all three are to be sought in the dawn of history. The seat of the Chief of the clan is said to have been the castle of Dunstaffnage, in Argyllshire, wherein until its removal to Scone in the reign of Kenneth II the Stone of Destiny, the Coronation Stone now in Westminster, was kept. The MacAlpines were therefore guardians of one of Scotland's earliest sanctuaries.*

A real Scot enjoying a real Scotch

GILBEY'S
SPEY ROYAL
Scotch Whisky
10 YEARS OLD

IT'S GOOD — IT'S GILBEY'S

# Mostly of Ranelagh

## By Eleanor E. Helme

WHEN the two hundred and fifty-six players arrive at Ranelagh for BYSTANDER Autumn Foursomes on Tuesday, October 4th, they will find something they have never seen there before. Not a row of houses (please Providence), nor a flood stretching from the front door to the Putney entrance (please the Clerk of the Weather), but a course which is duly affiliated to the Ladies' Golf Union. It has been the strangest of strange anomalies that one of the earliest homes of L.G.U. meetings, and one which for years housed the score-play internationals of that body, was not affiliated. So there was no scratch score, and nobody, however brilliant their card, could earn or reduce a handicap thereon. Now the scratch score has been fixed by the L.G.U. at 66, and women will be able to put in some hard handicap work there, as well as enjoy themselves and their golf to the full.

Of course, it makes not the slightest difference to BYSTANDER Foursomes; at these merry-go-rounds nobody really bothers about either affiliation or scratch score, only about having a good time with the partner of their choice; and red tape is consigned to the depths of the deepest pond. But there is *Fairway and Hazard's* open meeting in the spring; there are various Veteran competitions at the time of their Championship; there are, above all, constant opportunities for the daily round by lady members and their guests. For all these occasions an L.G.U. scratch score is a big gain. Ranelagh is so close to town: a round of golf is such a pleasant preliminary to sitting under the lovely trees and looking at the flowers and watching the birds, let alone the polo and croquet players; the right to do a score there for L.G.U. handicap purposes (and incidentally, of course, any such score can be sent up for a BYSTANDER spoon) was the only thing lacking.

ABILITY to score well at Ranelagh is a thing rather apart; horses for courses applies very much to players there. The long second shot is outside the question; the point of the story is that you must play the course in mental blinkers, refusing to think how many penalty shots might be collected if you chose to visit each pond, and took every opportunity of going out of bounds, quite apart from the ordinary disasters caused by original golfing sin. Nor, having avoided these morbid fears, is your mentality safe. Ranelagh feels amazingly remote from London, but it is possible to catch a glimpse of the top of a bus as you play the thirteenth hole; to hear the screech of brakes as somebody observes the amber light; or a backfire on a cold morning. Or some weird aquatic bird may comment on a ball's aquatic exercises in a voice which distracts you from your next shot. Still, what would golf be without good excuses for bad shots, and what would Ranelagh be without its birds, its bandstands, and all those other surrounding hazards which habitués know so well, and would not see abolished for all the L.G.U. pars in the world?

The Autumn Foursomes Entry Form is on page iv

CONTINENTAL championships are no longer to be had for the playing in, as they used to be within the memory of golfers still young enough to win native ones in the British Isles. As surely as the wish to play golf, and the courses to play it on, spread across Europe, so first-class players are bound to arise. That means that the first-class Britishers yearn to beat them, and, incidentally, to have revenge on each other for beatings given and received in our own events.

If memory serves, Miss Diana Fishwick and Miss Kathleen Garnham have no old scores to wipe out against each other, the luck of the draw not having hurled them repeatedly against each other, in the way that Miss Gourlay and Miss Wanda Morgan were at one time perpetually meeting, or Mrs. Holm and Miss Anderson. If they had, the final of the Belgian Championship at Le Zoute was an excellent opportunity, and must have been a most excellent scrap, well worth the winning. They were square at the end of eighteen holes, and the match apparently still a going concern with ten more played; but then Miss Fishwick went away, Miss Garnham fell away, and the sudden result was 5 and 4.

IN her semi-final, Miss Fishwick had won 5 and 4 from Sheila Stroyan, who will be one of the most experienced and fancied competitors in the Girls' Championship next month, holding, as she does, the Dutch Championship. She won that last year too, and it would be extraordinarily popular and suitable if she were to pull off the Girls' at long last. If "long last" sounds inapt at the age of eighteen, let it be recalled that her first entry was when she was twelve. Some mature golfers tire of the strenuous championship life sooner than that; probably no one who wins the Women's Open within the next half-dozen years will be found competing ten years later. The Championship has ceased to be a friendly gathering to which everybody went year after year for the pleasure of it; the training is too strenuous, the price too high in more ways than money for any player to go on indefinitely at the game. Each to his choice: some run a car till it is worn out, others change every year; and who shall judge which is the wiser?

*Winner in Belgium and Germany*

*Miss Diana Fishwick won the Belgium Championship by beating Miss Sheila Stroyan in the semi-final and Miss Kathleen Garnham in the final. She went on to play in the German Championship at Frankfurt, and won it by beating Mrs. L. Groos, of Berlin, by 7 and 6 in the 36-holes final*

*Winners in Switzerland*

*Miss Joyce White (right), champion of Montreux, won the ladies' scratch prize at Kulm, and Princess Gonzaga of Vincenza presented it to her. Dr. Linsmayer (left) won the Kulm Cup*

*Winner in Manchester*

*Mrs. E. Crossley, an 8-handicap member of the Worsley G.C., won the Manchester District Challenge Cup, which is open to all clubs within twenty-five miles of Manchester*

A CORRECTION

In the issue of August 10th we published a photograph of a group of people at Cowes which included Miss Patricia Haggie. In our caption we gave her name as the Hon. Lorraine Carleton. We much regret this mistake.

*Imprisoned and forlorn, the dying Shah Jahan had one gem of consolation..... his beloved wife's Taj Mahal, flawless then as it is to-day*

When Shah Jahan was still an imperious Mogul prince, they married him to a shy young Persian girl, Mumtaz Mahal. For fourteen years, through all the excitement of winning an Emperor's throne, then amid the glitter and intrigue of the richest Court in the East, Mumtaz Mahal held Shah Jahan's unceasing love. At thirty-nine she died; the lord of Hindustan was prostrate.... 'Empire has no sweetness for me, life no relish.' He resolved to build her a Memorial such as men had never seen before. He summoned architects, builders and sculptors from East and West; he brought Jasper from Persia, Onyx from the Mountains, Lapis from Ceylon, Gold Stone from Arabia. All were fashioned by the craft of centuries into a requiem in marble, white and unearthly by the majestic Jumna. Opposite he planned his own Tomb in jet black marble with a silver bridge between the two, so that he and his beloved might meet and commune for ever. But it was not to be; his treacherous son seized the Peacock Throne while he died in the Jasmine Tower at Agra... with his eyes upon the Taj.

To-day, as you gaze from that same Jasmine Tower, you will see Shah Jahan's masterpiece as he saw and loved it... catching the pink of sunrise, gleaming white at mid-day, silvery in the Tropic moonlight. Every foot of India is hallowed ground... visit India and you turn back the brightest pages of history.

*Travel is inexpensive, trains are comfortable, and, in some cases, air-conditioned. India offers much in other ways; in sport, amusement, scenic glories. Once in your life, at least, you must come to India... re-live an old world and see a new one building.*

# INDIA

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*or any authorised Tourist Agency.*

Keymer

# Motoring Commentary

## By Alan C. Hess

At first glance, the principal inducement offered to motorists to become members of the newly-formed Tested Drivers' Club looks highly immoral, for it is no less than—indemnification against fines! Actually, however, it is not quite so naughty as it sounds, for the indemnification is only against fines inflicted for technical offences, such as an extinguished side or tail lamp, or the absent-minded sounding of a horn at night-time in a built-up area. It is not the desire of the club to encourage motorists to commit such offences, but it is recognised that they are accidents which may occur in the best-regulated motoring families. A month ago, Mr. Claud Mullins might have had quite a lot to say about the idea of a club which indemnifies its members against fines for offences such, even, as these. . . .

The Tested Drivers' Club was formed primarily to appeal to the new driver who has passed the Ministry official test, but associate membership is available to all motorists, irrespective of length of driving experience. Other advantages of membership include discount up to ten per cent. off the cost of food and accommodation at good-class hotels throughout the country and a discount of ten per cent. off car insurance premiums. The club already has an extensive list of hotels in England, Scotland and Wales, and, as this is being constantly expanded, it is hoped ultimately to have T.D.C. appointed hotels, granting reduced terms to members, all over the British Isles. Over a dozen specific technical offences are listed by the T.D.C. and, on conviction for any of these, the club will indemnify members against the full cost of the fine. Motorists who have been convicted of a serious motoring offence are not eligible for membership, and the objects of the club, which members agree to foster, aim at making the roads safer, by extending the fullest courtesy to other road-users, rendering practical assistance wherever possible, and maintaining their vehicles in good mechanical condition.

The annual subscription is 10s. for each class of member, while additional members of the same family may join on payment of a reduced subscription of 5s. I shall be happy to send the address of the headquarters of the Tested Drivers' Club to interested readers of THE BYSTANDER.

THE Rover Company announces a new 14-h.p. six-cylinder model, and this company has been so constant to a "Fourteen" in its range for years past that such an announcement comes as a motoring event.

The dominant feature of all Rover cars of recent years has been their extraordinary smoothness, and this feature is, of course, a characteristic of the new "Fourteen." Thus a great deal of care and attention has been lavished on the design of the induction manifold in order to ensure an even distribution of fuel to each cylinder—which, incidentally, also results in a marked economy of running. Additionally, a fully counterbalanced four-bearing crankshaft is employed, while accessibility is provided by the particular design of overhead-valve gear operated by push-rods from the camshaft. A new gear-box is incorporated, with synchromesh third and top combined with a free-wheel.

Three bodywork styles are listed on the new "Fourteen" chassis—a drop-head coupé at £398, a sports saloon at £340, and a saloon at £330. Other models range from £275 for the 10-h.p. saloon, through the 12-h.p. and 16-h.p. classes to the famous 20-h.p. sports saloon at £425, while drop-head coupés are listed also on the 16-h.p. and 20-h.p. models at £428 and £478 respectively. The 10-h.p. saloon body has been improved by the provision of a built-in luggage compartment and concealed spare-wheel at the rear, in place of the folding luggage-grid—a refinement which will be greatly appreciated, since it also enhances the already pleasing lines of this model. The 10-h.p. and 12-h.p. models are, of course, powered by four-cylinder engines, while the remainder have six-cylinder units.

NEXT Saturday's 200 miles race at Brooklands should be good value. This race is England's oldest long-distance event, the first of the series having been run in far-off 1921, and is an out-and-out racing-car affair, run from scratch, over eighty-eight laps of the Road Course. The Grand Prix E.R.A. will not, after all, make its debut in this event, but an excellent entry has been received—no fewer than twenty-eight cars, nine of which are E.R.A.s, including three works entries—Billy Cotton's, Rolt's and Wakefield's—in addition to which "Bira" will drive either a tenth E.R.A. or his Maserati. Ashby and Kenneth Evans have entered Alfa-Romeos, while other interesting runners will be Maclure's Riley, Abecassis' Alta, Rayson's Maserati (it will be good to see Rayson at the wheel again), and Smith, Cudden-Fletcher and Stuart-Wilton on M.G.s—oh! and I almost forgot the Brooke-Special. . . .

Brooklands next Saturday should be a sort of schoolboys' Paradise, for I am told that an enormous number of boys have availed themselves of Sir Malcolm Campbell's invitation to come in free to see the race. The Junior Car Club, who organise the race, are taking advantage of the presence of the younger generation to run an exhibition of famous racing cars, old and new, for the edification of these budding speed-fans. All this sort of thing certainly helps the cause of motor-racing, and it is to be hoped that the usual Junior Car Club heat-wave will prevail.

And talking of innovations which help the cause, these Race Forecast Competitions which the three tracks are running in their programmes this season are a good idea, but at Brooklands, on August Bank Holiday, the whole thing was rather defeated by the fact that at the time the forecast had to be sealed down and placed in the collecting-boxes, the re-handicaps affecting the forecast race were still being posted up—*not* too clever!

***The only women** to compete in the Crystal Palace composite meeting were Yvonne Morel and Dorothy Stanley-Turner. Both raced M.G.s, one of which, attended by Miss Morel, is shown here*

***An unlucky man** in the Crystal Palace Cup race was A. R. P. Holt (No. 28), whose 1½-litre E.R.A. started backfiring on lap 13 (the race was on August 13th), when he was leading G. E. Abecassis (Alta). Abecassis, of course, picked up to win the event*

# "BLACK & WHITE" OCCASIONS



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# "BLACK & WHITE"

*"It's the Scotch!"*

# The Atlantic—Air Supremacy

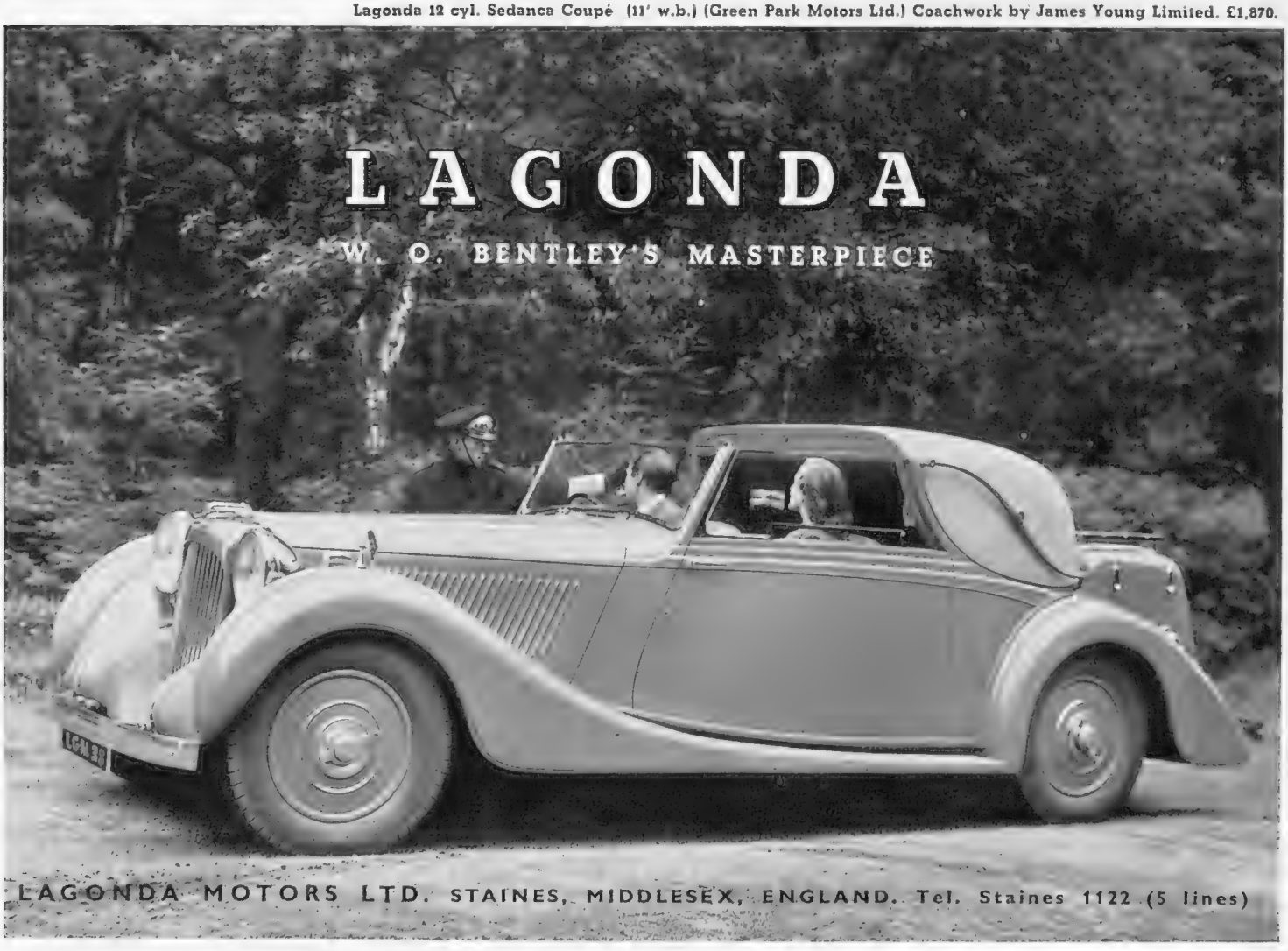
## By Charles Ward

THE struggle for supremacy over the Atlantic has been lessened somewhat by the attitude of America, which entirely controls development through reciprocal agreements. Until the States are ready to fly the mails and, later, the passengers, no other nation may operate a commercial service to its shores. We have an advantage over others in the Atlantic line to Canada, which will form part of the Empire's world air route. Next month, "Mercury" is to cross again, and "Cabot," first of the strengthened "Empire" boats, carrying an additional four tons, will make two journeys from the Shannon base. "Albatross" is to fly from Dublin to Newfoundland. The new airport at the Irish capital is magnificent. There are no buildings at present, but the unobstructed runway, one mile in length, will delight the eye of any pilot taking off or landing with a heavy load. The grass surface is perfect, and plans are being hurried forward to equip the site with complete night-flying apparatus, so that it can come into service for Transatlantic work next year. The Shannon aerodrome, even larger than that at Dublin, will be an alternative landing-ground, for when there's fog on the west coast, the east is usually clear and vice versa. The strangest think about Dublin at the moment is the lack of aviation. During a day's visit last week, I did not hear or see a single 'plane in the air, though no doubt the Army Air Corps was flying at Baldonnel, which is some distance from the city. The Olley service to and from England operates from the military aerodrome as a temporary measure. One of the busiest civil airports in England is that of Southampton, where all accommodation has been booked for months past. This happy state of affairs is due mainly to the enterprise and energy of Captain Payne, the airport manager, who appreciated the importance of making the place pay for its upkeep before asking for expensive extensions. He installed lighting equipment, and several R.A.F. squadrons have done their night training at Southampton. Air Service Training fly from Hamble to teach their pupils to land at night. Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, who backed Captain Olley's air charter and airline business, is erecting a factory at Southampton Airport, where Burnelli flying-wing aircraft will be built.

*The Duchess of Westminster, seen at Le Bourget, had flown from Croydon in the fast Air France liner "Marcel Bloch." Her visit was a flying one in more senses than one, as she returned by the same 'plane on the following day*

THE air is full of complaints. People who don't fly hate the noise overhead. Those who do fly grumble at the slow speed of domestic air-lines and the bad connections at some provincial airports. Thousands of applicants to "Guard the Air" are disappointed because aircraft and instructors in sufficient numbers are not available to teach them all to fly at once. It seems probable that the Clubs will not go abroad for training types, because this step would not ease the situation until the spring of next year, by which time British firms can meet the demand. Air services to France have been much improved this year. Average journey-time between London and Paris by the Bloch liners of Air France is 65 minutes. There is a week-end service to Dinard via Paris, operated by the same company; whilst during the week, passengers are carried by Jersey Airways, flying from Southampton. Wrightways fly from Croydon to Dinard—out on Saturdays and home on Mondays for £8 15s. return. Le Touquet, Deauville and Dinard are 45, 60, and 90 minutes respectively from Heston by the taxi-planes of British American Air Services.

Lagonda 12 cyl. Sedanca Coupé (11' w.b.) (Green Park Motors Ltd.) Coachwork by James Young Limited. £1,870.



# In the most unexpected places

The illustration below shows a retailer's cottage premises in the little village of Cockfield, Suffolk. Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes can be purchased here, as in many similar picturesque and remote spots all over the country.

Here, there, everywhere, in the most unexpected places it is possible to buy Player's "Medium" Navy Cut Cigarettes—the favourite of millions. The vast demand which makes this possible guarantees their unfailing freshness and proves their great popularity.

PLAYER'S MILD NAVY CUT CIGARETTES are not so well known as the popular Medium Navy Cut Cigarettes, but if your taste is for a mild and very smooth smoke, ask for Player's "MILD." An old-established brand, the prices are the same as for "Medium."

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## Eighty Minutes

*(Continued from page 303)*

By this time the train had panted to a standstill and the few passengers who were alighting hurried away into the darkness. She shook away the hand he laid on her arm, and said, in a choking voice: "I won't stand it! You can do as you please, but I won't go another step with you while you 're like this. I 'll walk back to the Edwards and get them to put me up. You 've no right. . . ."

The man's scanty patience dissolved. He gripped her arm firmly and almost propelled her along the platform.

"Don't be a little fool!" he snapped. "You 're acting like a silly kid. Do you think I 've waited all this time just to watch another train go without us?"

He wrenched open the door of an empty compartment and pushed her forward, quite gently, but very firmly, as if to indicate that he intended standing no more nonsense. It was unfortunate that she stumbled and struck her ankle against the running-board. Unintentionally, of course. It was his fault, but he knew by the way that she looked at him that in her present state of mind she would prefer to think that it was a deliberate act of violence, and he sensed the over-dramatisation of the little accident that would undoubtedly follow. He glanced at the small spot of blood on her stocking, and then at her stricken expression.

"I 'm terribly sorry, darling," he said. "It was an accident. I 'll damp my handkerchief and you can bind it up."

As the train gathered speed he swayed down the corridor towards the basin in the toilet, folding his handkerchief into a rough bandage as he went. He returned, feeling almost glad that the accident had given him the opportunity to end the quarrelling and resume their normal amiable relations.

He knew exactly what he was going to say to his wife, but he did not say it.

He stood in the doorway of the compartment and very slowly his fingers opened until the wet handkerchief dropped to the floor with a small, unheard "thack."

The compartment was quite empty except for his wife's handbag and her fox fur, which was gradually slipping from the seat with the motion of the train. The crumpled newspaper thrashed grotesquely against the rack, held there by the force of the inrushing wind—for the carriage door was open like a monstrous mouth, black and gaping and loud with the thunder of flying wheels.

It was the appalling emptiness of the carriage that woke quick terror in him. It seemed unreal and yet startlingly vivid in every detail of garishly lit upholstery and woodwork. Every heel-flattened cigarette-end, every smudge on the glass and word on the advertisements stood out with stereoscopic sharpness, and the darkness beyond the swinging door snarled and roared like a hungry beast.

A moment later he was clawing at the communication cord and shouting incoherently above the din. He screamed his wife's name again and again, and the smoky gusts of wind smothered his voice, so that only the wry-mouthed gestures remained. The chain snapped, but he still continued to tug at it frantically until the broken end came loose and he fell in a huddle in the corner of the seat.

He was still shouting when the two figures appeared at the sliding door of the compartment. One was the guard and the other was Hilda.

He stopped shouting and stared at his wife as if he were slowly recovering consciousness after a terrific blow. The strength ebbed away from him so that, for a moment, he felt like a half-stuffed doll propped against the cushions.

The guard pushed past him and leaned out of the door as the train halted with a screeching of brakes and a crowd began to gather in the corridor, peering in at this tableau of unexpected drama. His wife leaned over him, white faced and frightened, and the man rested his head in his hands, sick with relief at finding her there. He heard her explaining to the guard how the insecurely latched door had swung open while her husband was away, and how she had been afraid to lean out and close it again, but had gone in search of someone who would close it for her. She had not thought that her husband would be back so soon, or that he would jump to the conclusion that she had fallen from the train. That was all.

Prying eyes at the corridor window made a change of compartment necessary, and the change of compartment brought a change of mood. The man, somewhat recovered, began to realise that he must have looked like a madman sitting there in an empty carriage shouting his wife's name in wild-eyed panic. He told her so. He told her just how much he disliked being made to look a fool in front of everybody.

Before they reached Liverpool Street Station they were quarrelling again.

THE END.


## The "Bystander"

## LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

**(17th Year) Ranelagh, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, 1938**

**and**

## LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

**(13th Year) Roehampton, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, 1938.**

*By kind invitation of the respective clubs.*

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.

ROEHAMPTON Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

### CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Friday, September 16th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by postcard.*

On September 16th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes; vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reductions of handicap should be notified at once to Miss E. E. Helme.

The eight lowest handicap pairs in each tournament will be seeded.

Pairs who have reached any BYSTANDER Foursomes final during 1937 or 1938, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, have the option of being put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists*, and the entrants *must* state in which tournament they wish to play.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps; and from any other players at the discretion of the BYSTANDER.

Both foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅞ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss E. E Helme* of the change.

The Proprietors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to accept or refuse any entry and to alter or amend any of these conditions. The decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

### ENTRANCE FORM

**Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1938.** **No Entrance Fee**

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, not later than Friday, September 16th.

**Ladies' Autumn Foursomes—**
**Ranelagh, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th**

**Roehampton Foursomes—**
**Roehampton, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th**

*(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)*

*Please enter*

*Mrs.* / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

*L.G.U. Handicap*.....

*Home Address*.....

..... *Telephone No*.....

*To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner*

*Mrs.* / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

*L.G.U. Handicap*.....

*Home Address*.....

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*Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number, to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address.*

*All entries for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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*Address* .....

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# What's On

## The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

*August 24—August 30*

**First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies**

### THEATRES

#### Comedy and Tragedy

COMEDIENNE.—A brilliant virtuoso performance by Lilian Braithwaite as a temperamental actress, in Ivor Novello's play: Haymarket, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

GLORIOUS MORNING.—A tragedy with a deep theme, sincerely written and acted; Jessica Tandy, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

GOLDEN BOY.—First-class acting by a new all-American cast in Clifford Odets' vividly alive play about a young violinist-boxer: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT.—A powerful and topical play about individuals who get caught in the war machine; Raymond Massey, Tamara Geva, with excellent support: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

LAST TRAIN SOUTH.—Aristocrats *v.* revolutionaries in a modern (Russian) setting, with modern noises and much shouting, give Flora Robson, Greta Gynt, John Abbott parts that they do more than justice to: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

LOT'S WIFE.—A malicious comedy, its wit well pointed by Cecil Parker and Nora Swinburne as an oil-king Mr. Lot and his wife: Aldwych, 8.30. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares, well supported, in a sincere and stimulating exposition of careers *v.* married happiness, by St. John Ervine: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SHE TOO WAS YOUNG.—Impeccable period (1870) atmosphere and sympathetic parts for Esme Percy, Marie Ney, Edmund Gwenn, Dorothy Hyson, Ann Todd in a quiet emotional story: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL.—Romney Brent and Robert Eddison in Bridie's play: Open Air Theatre, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

#### Singing and Dancing

THE FLEET'S LIT UP.—Coming from Brighton, this "naughtycal musical" is an extravaganza with Stanley Lupino, Adèle Dixon, Frances Day: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FRIVOLITÉS DE FRANCE.—Naunton Wayne and fifty girls represent the wit and the beauty of this show: Prince of Wales, 2-11.30 non-stop.

MARITZA.—Good music and light sentiments of the Viennese model are half-translated into English by Mara Losseff, Douglas Byng, Shaun Glenville: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Herbert Farjeon's intimate revue is witty and 85 per cent. bull's-eye hits, and the cast is headed by Hermione Baddeley and Cyril Ritchard: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 108.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

VARIETY.—Sir Oswald Stoll's return to his old love; Coliseum.

VARIETY.—Evelyn Laye heads the bill of this riotous show: Palladium, 6.25 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WILD OATS.—Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe, and Vera Pearce win and spend a football pool; unpretentious and very funny: Prince's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

#### Mirth and Mystery

BANANA RIDGE.—Olga Lindo is with Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in a far from original but very funny farce: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Mackenzie Ward and Guy Middleton in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30

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SPRING MEETING.—A sketch of the lighter side of Irish life, with little story, but amusing acting by Arthur Sinclair, Roger Livesey, Zena Dare: Ambassadors, 8.30 Wed., Fri., 2.30.

#### Drama Festivals

BUXTON.—The Old Vic company in a Shakespeare, Sheridan and Pinero programme: opens Mon., 29th.

MALVERN.—New and old plays by Shaw, Priestley, Bridie, Dunsany, and C. K. Munro form the programme.

STRATFORD.—Representative Shakespeare programme throughout the summer at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon 8. Wed., Sat. 2.30.

*"The Fleet's Lit Up"*

*Frances Day is in a white dress with glass-ball fruit, standing before a white piano with plate-glass lid, against silver and cellophane draperies. She is one of the brightest lights of the fleet at the London Hippodrome*

#### First Nights

THÉRÈSE RAQUIN.—Nancy Price plays the name-part in the adaptation of Zola's play: Playhouse, to-night, 24th.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—Philip Merivale and Gladys Cooper head the cast as Oberon and Theseus: Open Air Theatre, Tues., 30th.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—The family laughter success with Jane Baxter at the head of an excellent cast takes a new lease: Piccadilly, Tues., 30th.

### CINEMAS

BOOLOO (American).—Colin Tapley, Jayne Regan, Mano Clark and some wild animals in an exciting tale of an expedition into Malay's jungle: Carlton.

CONVICT 99 (British).—Will Hay in the grip of the law: Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE CROWD ROARS (American).—Robert Taylor is still being tough, this time as a boxer, managed by Frank Morgan, loved by Maureen O'Sullivan: Empire.

FOOLS FOR SCANDAL (American).—Fernand Gravey and Carole Lombard in a gay high-life comedy: Gaumont.

GANGS OF NEW YORK (American).—Title speaks for itself; Charles Bickford and Ann Dvorak: London Pavilion.

GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT (American).—George Brent and Olivia de Havilland and a spectacular flood in an exciting tale of farmers *v.* miners in the West: Odeon.

THE LAST NIGHT (Russian).—Yarotskaya ("the Russian Marie Dressler") leads in this slice of Soviet history—Moscow family history to a background of the October Revolution 1917: Academy.

LISZT RHAPSODY (Austrian).—Paul Hörbiger, Luis Rainer and Sybille Schmitz in a capital tale centring round the composer: Studio One.

LITTLE TOUGH GUY (American).—The "Dead End Boys"—a sort of toughened and elder "Our Gang"—play this excellent back-street story: Leicester Square.

MANNEQUIN (American).—Joan Crawford and Spencer Tracy; supported by *Happy Landing*, with Sonja Henie and Don Ameche: Tivoli.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (American).—Walt Disney's full-length cartoon from the Grimm tale is gripping: New Gallery.

SON OF MONGOLIA (Russian).—Actors and musicians of the Mongolian People's Theatre play a simple and humorous morality tale set in Central Asia: Berkeley.

THE TEXANS (American).—A good tale of the South just after the Civil War; Joan Bennett is a rebel who finally becomes tamed by Randolph Scott: Plaza.

THREE BLIND MICE (American).—Loretta Young and Joel McCrea head the cast, supported by English Binnie Barnes and David Niven: Regal.

THE VESSEL OF WRATH (British).—Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester in an excellent, witty film based on Maugham's story: Rialto.

VICTORIA THE GREAT (British).—Herbert Wilcox's noble slice of English history, with Anna Neagle as the Queen, revives at the Curzon.

A YANK AT OXFORD (British).—Good story, good atmosphere, smart acting by Robert Taylor, Edmund Gwenn, Maureen O'Sullivan, Vivien Leigh: Dominion.

### MUSIC

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducts the B.B.C. Orchestra in his forty-fourth season at the Queen's Hall: nightly, 8.15.

TO-NIGHT, 24TH.—Bach concert, with nine soloists; 2nd Brandenburg concerto, piano concerto in E, three piano and strings concerto in D minor, songs.

THURSDAY, 25TH.—Tschaikowsky's piano concerto in B flat minor (Lamond), Mozart arias, Warlock songs (Nan Maryska), Strauss, Prokofiev.

FRIDAY, 26TH.—Beethoven concert; piano concerto in B flat (Lili Kraus), recit. and aria from *Fidelio*, Brahms songs (Cecilia Wessels), first performance of Poot's allegro symphonique.

SATURDAY, 27TH.—Five soloists in a mixed programme of Wagner, Verdi, Mendelssohn, Ravel, Elgar, Gounod, Saint-Saëns, Grainger.

MONDAY, 29TH.—Wagner concert, with Isobel Baillie and Keith Falkner; excerpts from the operas.

TUESDAY, 30TH.—Mozart-Haydn concert; excerpts from *The Seasons* and *Don Giovanni* (Kate Winter and Roy Henderson); Oxford and Prague symphonies; Mozart's piano concerto in B flat (Solomon).

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# Getting Married:

## The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Lenare

### John Annan and Pamela James

*John Annan and Pamela Harwood James announced their engagement this summer. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Annan, of 38, Orchard Court, W.1. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. V. James, of Cintra, Radlett, Hertfordshire*

Bassano

### Suzette Battersby

*Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Battersby, of Little Falklands, Powntley Copse, Alton; she is engaged to Capt. H. N. Noble Fawcett, R.I.A.S.C., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. P. Noble Fawcett, of Petersfield, Hants.*

Stuart Hamilton

### Anthea Beryl Trewby

*Is the second daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. F. Trewby, of The Gabled Lodge, Maidenhead Thicket, Berks.; she is to marry John Anthony Messom, second son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Messom, of The Ryepeck, Bray-on-Thames*

Pearl Freeman

### Joan Audrey Jenkins

*Is the only daughter of the late P. G. Jenkins and Mrs. Davies, of Hermitage Court, Snaresbrook, Essex; and is to marry in Calcutta next February Gerald Ernest Garnham, only son of the late E. W. Garnham and Mrs. Garnham, of Wooden Cottage, Shiplake-on-Thames*

Lenare

### Rachel Faith Thorold

*Is the daughter of Major Henry Grant Thorold, of Cranford Hall, Kettering, Northants. Her wedding to Captain Rupert Conant, 43rd Light Infantry, younger son of the late E. W. P. Conant and Mrs. Conant, of Bulwick Park, Peterborough, will take place at Cranford on September 10th*

Catherine Bell

### Jean Starbuck

*Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Starbuck, of 15, Tudor Gardens, W.3; her engagement has been announced to Dr. John Daly, son of the late James Dermot Daly and Mrs. Daly, of Dublin, Ireland*

Catherine Bell

### Joan Mary Craddock

*Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Craddock, of Priory House, Priory Close, Chislehurst; she is engaged to Kenneth Reginald Townsend, son of Sir Reginald and Lady Townsend, of Oak Lodge, The Highways, Sutton, Surrey*

Pearl Freeman

### Colleen Bowle-Evans

*Is the only daughter of the late M. Bowle-Evans and Mrs. Bowle-Evans, of 53, Cambalt Road, Putney, and is engaged to L. F. Steele, 3rd-14th Punjab Regiment, son of the Rev. L. and Mrs. Steele, of 50, Southbrook Road, Lee, Kent*

Catherine Bell

### Mary Kathleen Jarman

*Is the daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Jarman, of 300, Green Lane, New Eltham, S.E.9; she is engaged to Dr. Edgar Bolton Hacking, son of the Rt. Hon. Douglas Hacking, M.P., and Mrs. Hacking, of 48e, Sloane Square, S.W.1*

Lenare

### Roy Cowie

*Is the only daughter of Major and Mrs. Archie Cowie, of Colesgrove Manor, near Cheshunt, Herts.; her fiancé is Angus MacKenzie, only son of Surgeon Captain K. A. I. MacKenzie, R.N., and Mrs. Bonham Christie, of Avening Park, Glos.*

Bassano

### Betty Brind

*Elisabeth Marjorie Brind is the daughter of Lt.-Gen. Sir John Brind, Command House, Poona, and the late Mrs. Brind; she is engaged to Captain W. Pasfield Oliver, Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment, elder son of Captain P. V. Oliver, R.N., and Mrs. Oliver, of Valence House, Sutton Valence, Maidstone*

**A CORRECTION**

*Under the picture of Miss Betty Burnett in the issue of August 10th, she should have been described as the daughter of the late Sir Napier Burnett and Jane Lady Burnett instead of Sir Napier and Lady Burnett's daughter. We much regret this mistake.*

*Winnington-Ingram — Lyne*

*At Ledbury Parish Church, the Bishop of London married his second nephew this month, the Rev. Arthur John Winnington-Ingram, Rector and Rural Dean of Ledbury. His bride was Joan Mary Lyne, only daughter of the Rev. R. A. Lyne and Mrs. Lyne, of Pye's Nest, near Ledbury*

*Murland — Burke*

*James Robert William Murland, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Murland, of Ardnabannon, Annsborough, Co. Down, and Beatrice Amy Burke, daughter of the late Major C. J. Burke, Royal Irish Regt., and Mrs. Burke, of Stoney Cockbury, Winchcombe, Glos., were married at St. Mary's, Prestbury, near Cheltenham*

*Greenman — Deverell*

*Almon Chamberlin Greenman and Pamela Clare Deverell were married at St. Peter and St. Paul's, Shiplake, Oxon. He is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Almon Greenman, of St. Paul, Minnesota, U.S.A.; she is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frances Deverell, of the Mill House, Shiplake, Oxon.*

*Henderson — Dunn-Pattison*

*Captain Peter Reynolds Henderson, R.H.A., son of the Dean of Salisbury and Mrs. Henderson, married Janet Mary Dunn-Pattison at All Saints', Crowborough. She is the daughter of the late Mrs. R. P. Dunn-Pattison, of 4, Cottenham Court, Wimbledon*

*Smyth — Graham*

*Lt.-Comdr. John Smyth, son of Lt.-Col. Henry Smyth, D.S.O., and Mrs. Smyth, of South Cerney, Cirencester, married Diana Gabrielle Graham at Burford Parish Church. She is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Harold Graham, of Burford*

*Forsyth — Kingdon*

*Hamish William Forsyth, The Royal Scots, and the Gold Coast Regt., son of Mr. and Mrs. G. G. S. Forsyth, of Boyton Cottage, Boscombe Cliff Road, Bournemouth, married Joan Campbell Kingdon at All Saints', Milford-on-Sea. She is the eldest daughter of Sir Donald Kingdon, Chief Justice of Nigeria, and Lady Kingdon*

*Woodhouse — Horsfall*

*At St. Peter and St. Paul's, Godalming, Flt.-Lt. Henry de Clifford Anthony Woodhouse, of Rotherfield Greys, Oxon., married Ruth Mary Horsfall, second daughter of the late Lt.-Col. A. G. Horsfall and Mrs. W. M. Watson, of Cross Leys, Bix, Oxfordshire*

*Kemp — Moyle*

*Lieutenant Neil McIntyre Kemp, R.N., son of the late Sir Norman Kemp and Lady Kemp, of Tigh Beg, Minard Point, Argyle, married Diana Moyle at Stalbridge Parish Church. She is the only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Moyle, of Stalbridge*

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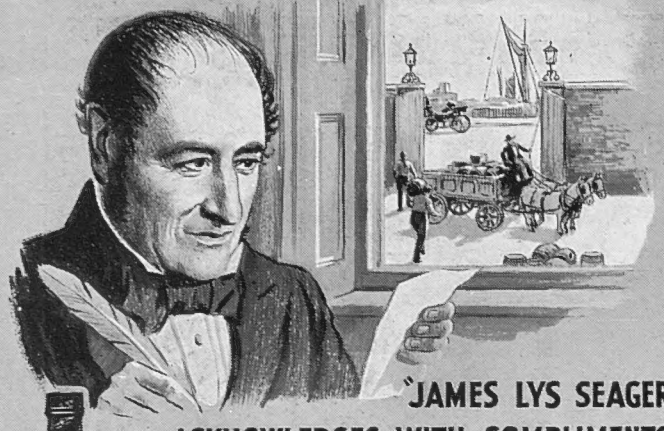

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She said to-day
"Now mind what I say
Or just you wait and see.
You're a naughty girl
And your hair won't curl
If you never eat salt like me"

My name is Jane
My Nanny is plain
And as big as big can be.
She said to-day
"Now mind what I say
Or just you wait and see,
If you won't eat salt
It is not my fault
If you never grow big like me"

My name is Jane
And I've made it plain
That I have a different plan.
I told her straight
That I'd simply hate
To measure the same as Nan.
Though if salt will curl
The hair of a girl
She must eat just as much as she can.

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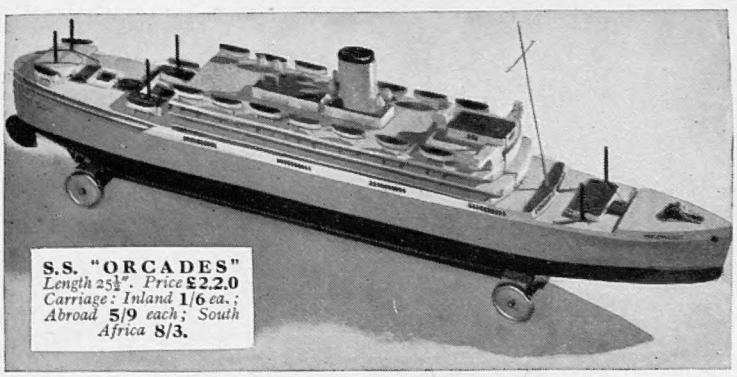


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